

JANUARY 30, 1956

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JENKINS AND ALBRIGHT**



**THE WINTER OLYMPICS  
A COMPLETE PREVIEW  
THE STARS IN COLOR**

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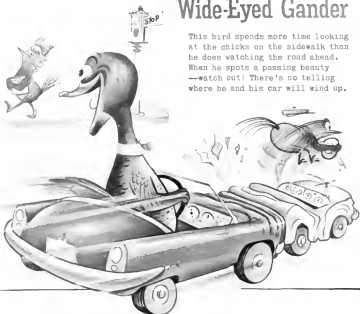


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COVER: HAYES JENKINS AND TENLEY ALBRIGHT

Photograph by Richard Meek

The two most likely winners at the Winter Olympics are both figure skaters and both Americans. Hayes Jenkins and Tenley Albright have already become world champions by beating the same field they will face in the Olympics. However, as the PREVIEW on pages 26 to 46 points out, for the rest of the 1,200 contestants the chance for medals is not always so clear-cut.

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## An SI Special

## 26 A PREVIEW OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS

The first great competitions of the Olympic year begin this week at Cortina in Italy. EZRA BOWEN and GEORGE WELLER describe the scene, the candidates and the competitors, and SI's photographers join forces to present an eight-page gallery of the prospective stars IN COLOR.

## 38 MEET THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Unless all the signs and portents in boxing's future books are wrong, the heavyweight most likely to succeed in Rocky Marciano's crown and belt is a 21-year-old Negro boy from Brooklyn named Floyd Patterson. PAUL O'NEIL brings him on stage for an introduction.

## 22 THE WICKET MEN OF HOLLYWOOD

Croquet is their game, and the way they go about it has nothing to do with child's play. A report by JAMES MURRAY, with photographs IN COLOR of Harry Zauw and other roster boys.

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For a quarter of a century this Chicago millionaire has dominated the amateur and Olympic scene. He has been called a lot of names and has never answered back. Now he describes some of his battles—and some of his hopes—to ROBERT CREAMER. First of two parts.

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From dawn to dusk the great California track presents an ever-changing and ever-fascinating panorama. In six pages of distinguished photographs MARK KAUFFMAN presents a record of its moods.

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

## THE WINTER OLYMPICS: FIRST REPORT AND PICTURES

In Cortina this week SI reporters and photographers go into action along with the competitors; their mission is to bring readers the news behind the news along with great photographs of the events.

## AVERY BRUNDAGE TALKS ABOUT THE GREEKS—AND RUSSIANS

In the second part of Robert Creamer's interview, the president of the International Olympic Committee discusses the original Olympic ideal, re-creation of the Games, and the "amateurs" of Russia.

# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Len Hutton, agile Yorkshireman who became England's greatest living cricketer and first professional captain, much to the consternation of diehard amateurs, found his ailing back too great a handicap, announced his retirement at 35.



Bronze statue of Fanny Blankers-Koen, famed Dutch track star of the '40s, will go up in a square outside Rotterdam zoo, authorities said, despite newspaper criticism that statue's "well-developed muscles" were unfeminine, un-Dutch.

## RECORD BREAKERS

Russian speed skaters slipped to amazing world marks in pre-Olympic trials, firmly established themselves as ones to beat at Cortina. Soviet's Yuri Mikhailov, 25-year-old construction engineering student, attacked 1,500 meters in 2:09.1 for record in Swiss championships (see below) at Davos (Jan. 20); Evgeny Gelinich did along sleek ice at Lake Muroina in 8:40.3 for 500 meters to crack Teammate Yuri Sergeyev's old record by six-tenths of second (Jan. 22).

Dave Sims, unheralded Duke sophomore, showed teeth to rising pretzel veteran field in sprints at Washington (D.C.) Star games, stepping off 100 yards in 0:09.5 for new U.S. indoor record, also tied mark of 7 seconds flat for 70 yards (Jan. 21).

Isabell Daniels, lanky young miss from Tennessee A&I, sprinted 50-yard dash in 0:05.8 for new world indoor record, then went on to tie 100-yard mark of 0:11.1 in women's national AAU championships at Washington, D.C. (Jan. 21).

Murray Rose, husky young Aussie swimmer, thrashed 880-yard freestyle in 9:04.3 in New South Wales championships at Sydney, shattered world standard by better than three seconds (Jan. 18).

## BOXING

Sandy Saddler, anything-goes featherweight champion once banned in New York for dirty fighting, was up to old tricks against game little Flash Elorde of Philippines, used head as battering ram, elbowed, backhanded, hit on break and then topped off performance by working an rut over challenger's left eye until it bled freely enough for referee to stop tale beat in 13th round before small but loud-booming crowd at San Francisco's Cow Palace.

## BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Unaided of the Associated Press editors' poll)  
Team standings this week through Jan. votes in parentheses.

	Points
1—San Francisco (83)	1,200
2—Boston (53)	1,063
3—Kentucky (35)	695
4—North Carolina State (32)	663
5—Illinois (21)	480
6—Temple (2)	450
7—Vanderbilt (7)	426
8—North Carolina (12)	383
9—Louisville (1)	368
10—Duke	357

RUNNERS-UP: 11, Holy Cross (4); 143, 22, Alabama (1); 112, 13, Iowa (0); 14, Villanova (7); 15, St. Francis (Brooklyn); 62

Boxing's pot continued to boil last week. New York's hard-hitting Commissioner Julius Helfand, victorious in battle with New York Guild, lashed out at National Boxing Association's recently passed resolution which permits fighters of suspended managers to sign own contracts, angrily called it "baser hypocrisy" as NBA President Lou Radzicka listened at Boxing Writers' dinner in New York (see page 11).

International Guild's Charles Johnston and Bill Daly and Ohio Guild's Al Del Monte, in Cleveland to plead innocent to federal grand jury indictments charging violation of Sherman Antitrust Act, were hit with \$150,000 suit filed by Herman Spero, producer of boycotted studio TV boxing shows which kicked off investigation.

Maryland Athletic Commission, belatedly taking cue from New York's Helfand, revoked promoting license of Baltimore's Arena Sports Club, headed by Frankie Carlo's friend Benny Trott.

New Jersey's Commissioner Joe Walker bravely took first stand, warned "hungry, free-loading" elements in boxing that if they try to "unload anything in New Jersey, they'll find I'm dynamite."

## BASKETBALL

Dayton took over college spotlight as San Francisco enjoyed two-week respite, running over Villanova 71-50 and squeaking past Xavier of Ohio 81-73 to run winning streak to 14.

Temple and little St. Francis of Brooklyn also remained unbeaten as each won 11th straight. Owls romped over Lehigh 72-44; St. Francis took on borough rival St. John's, captured 76-73 thriller.

North Carolina came up with upset of week, holding off late North Carolina State rally to win 73-69 after disposing of Maryland 64-55.

Kentucky, Vanderbilt, Illinois, Louisville and Holy Cross also maintained winning pace.

Boston ran off hot 4-game winning streak until cooled off by Philadelphia 129-113, but managed to cut Warriors' lead to 3½ games in Eastern Division NBA, as New York also picked up ground by splitting two games with Rochester, winning two out of three from Mikan-ferried Minneapolis. Ft. Wayne lost twice to Boston but came back to win three, increased lead to 4½ games over Royals in West.

## TRACK AND FIELD

Villanova's Little (5 feet, 9 3/4 inches) Phil Reavis gave track buffs more to talk about, leaping 6 feet 10 inches to win high jump

in Philadelphia's Inquirer Games. Among other winners: Phil's Arnie Sowell in 1,000-yard run (2:12.6); Villanova's Charley Jenkins in 600-yard run (1:12.2); North Carolina College's Lee Calhoun in 50-yard hurdles (0:06).

Bake's strapping Dave Sims proved to be sensation of Washington Star meet, where N.Y.U.'s George King was surprise winner of mile in 4:11.3. Other top performances: Tom Courtney's victory in 1,600-yard run (2:24.2); Lou Jones's triumph in 600-yard run (1:14.4); Bob Richards, who cleared 15 feet in pole vault for 85th time.

Tennessee A for Agricultural & I for Industrial representatives showed greatest speed in women's National AAU indoor championships at Washington. Isabell Daniels set pace with double in sprints while Mae Faggis held field in 230-yard dash. Czechoslovakia's husky Adele Tschier also accounted for new record, heaving shot 44 feet 4½ inches.

## FOOTBALL

Maryland pulled into alumni ranks, selected senior Terrapin quarterback Tommy Mott to succeed resigned Jim Tatum. Meanwhile, Tatum, getting re-acquainted with North Carolinians, confided: "I don't think winning is the most important thing. . . I think it's the only thing."

Jim Sutherland, fired as assistant coach by Washington as result of player revolt against embattled Husky Coach John Cherberg, landed squarely on both feet, signed to coach rival Washington State; Rutgers hired John K. Stiegman, former Princeton assistant, as new head coach.

## HORSE RACING

Johnny Longden, able front-riding specialist, scored rich double in stakes at Santa Anita, booting home Alberta Ranches' Is Reserve in \$24,350 Santa Maria, then coming back with typical rodeo aboard Guerrero for victory in \$28,200 Santa Catalina.

Deracklen, in first start as 3-year-old, sloshed through mud into early lead, held on grimly under urging of jockey Gene Martin to nose out Liberty Sun in \$23,775 Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah Park, Fla.

## HOCKEY

Montreal snapped out of brief slump, reeled off four straight to regain full command of National Hockey League race, but Detroit's streaking Red Wings made news by beating Boston 4-2 on veteran Gordie Howe's hot trick, slipped momentarily to lose to Toronto but bounced back to drub Maple Leafs 6-1, moving into second-place tie with faltering New York.



**JIMMY JEMAIL'S  
HOTBOX**



**The Question:**

**Have sports  
influenced fashions?  
If so,  
in what way?  
(Asked of the world's  
makers of fashions)**

**HOWARD GREER, West Los Angeles, Calif.**



"Sports and styles have influenced each other. The ease, freedom and glamor of sports have made casual clothes accepted wardrobe. Gussie Moran plays better tennis in lace-trimmed panties. She couldn't play as well in the former Gibson Girl costume long linen skirt, giraffe and shirwalet."

**SINDHETTA, Rome**



"Sports have had an enormous influence on styles. The shirt is one of many examples I could cite. It has become one of the most important items in my styles. Who doesn't own a lovely cocktail or evening blouse? And how many dresses are designed with the top carrying out the idea of the shirt?"

**EDWARD S. MARCUS of Helman-Marcus, Houston**



"Increasing leisure and interest in sports have led people into avocational habits that influence fashion. Knit shirts spring from their use in sports. Colors become fashionable because they are becoming to people who play in the sun. Shorts of all varieties for men and women are in the ascendancy."

**EMILIO, Capri**



"Yes, more than most people realize. Pictures of styles at football games, tennis matches and bicycle races taken 30 years ago make us smile. Now these first active sports clothes have been simplified. From active sports these clothes have invaded the realm of fashion, influencing all styles."

**DIGBY MORTON, London**



"But yes! The pleated skirt, greatest innovation in fashion history, was due to increased sports participation by women in the '20s. Next, the sports shirt. In its variations and fabrics, it has become the basic style influence of this era. Because I style Lady Hathaway shirts, I'm all for this trend."

**SYBIL CONNELLY, Dublin, Ireland**



"Definitely! The most important influence of sports on style is the great ease given women. No more restrictions around the waist and bust for modern women. We're accustomed to free movement when playing tennis, swimming and walking and we intend to carry it through everyday life."

**RUDI GERMREICH, Hollywood**



"They definitely have. Strangely enough, the functional must in a sportsman's attire has infiltrated every well-dressed woman's wardrobe. The polo coat and the tuxedo pants are examples. Sportsman's fabrics have no barriers. The tweed used in a hunting jacket may turn up in an evening dress."

**FABIANI, Rome**



"Yes. Sports have especially influenced women's taste in fashion. Today's woman needs to be smart and also comfortable all day. The new trend achieves this style. It's deceptively casual, nonchalant and easy to wear. This suits a woman who leads an active life and wants to be dressed correctly."





"Sports have brought about freedom of modern dress as we know it. This is true for both men and women. I can certainly consider myself an example. My own career was brought about by living on a boat for four summers and finding a need for clothes that fit into the picture."

FEORO RODRIGUEZ, Madrid



"Yes. But there are different aspects. The positive one—tailored suits. The comfortable but ugly one—flat-heeled shoes. The hygienic one—abolition of corsets and bodices. The dangerous one—slacks and shorts away from the house or beach. Let women be sportive, but always remain feminine."

SOPHIE of Saks Fifth Avenue, New York



"Yes. In the early '20s, Suzanne Lenglen introduced the neat, pleated skirt. Horse-back riding showed that women looked well in jodhpurs. Pedal pushers are a version of this garb. The loose, full-backed dress developed from golf dress with its necessary fullness to permit a good swing."

NEXT WEEK'S  
QUESTION:

Which is the gamiest fish to land? On what tackle?  
(Asked at first Women's International Fishing Tournament)

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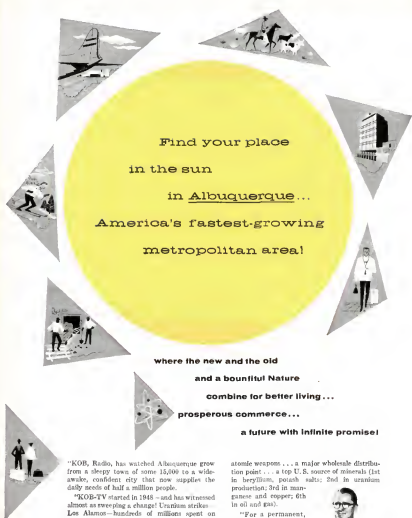
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Wayne Cox, President  
Greater Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce  
Albuquerque, N. M.

## EVENTS &amp; DISCOVERIES

THE ALPINE HORN BLOWS AN OLYMPIC SUMMONS • TYRO SIME BURNS  
UP THE TRACK • SPORTING LOOK ON LAND AND SEA • BOXING'S BIG  
BANTAM BOPS THE NBA • THE PHILATELY OF SPORT • HORSE SENSE

## SALUTE TO CORTINA

THE OLYMPIC YEAR of 1956 begins this week with a merry skiff of skates and a soft swoosh of skis in a little Alpine town high in the craggy Dolomites of northeastern Italy. To Cortina d'Ampezzo have trooped the winter sports athletes of 32 nations, vanguard of all the clans of man who will, before the year is out, have run and thrown and jumped and wrestled in quadrennial recognition of the fact that sport makes all men brothers so long as they have buttons on their foil tips.

The brotherhood of man has had rough sledding over the ages, perhaps even rougher than the Olympic athletes have encountered at Cortina, where a sirocco swooped up from the Libyan desert to melt the essential snow and chill the harried hearts of Games officials. Skaters and skiers and bobbledders, practicing under these obscene conditions, have taken nasty spills and some have been thereby eliminated from the Olympics before they could test themselves in competition. These are the ill fortunes of sport. Still, it has been heartwarming to see that, while the injured shed private tears, they faced the news cameras with broad, brave smiles.

It is pleasant to know, too, that the Games officials, plagued by all the anafus that organization is heir to, have taken the sirocco in stumbling but heroic stride and gone on to outwit it as best they can. They have prayed for snow and cold but they have also made their own provisions. For ski jumping, snow can be trucked down to fill in for what has failed to fall, the cross-country skiers can move to higher and colder ground, the bobbledders

can perhaps compete on ice from the early morning freeze. There is artificial ice for the figure skaters and a still-frozen lake for the speed skaters and hockey teams. And there is always the hope that it might yet blow a well-timed blizzard, though not too much, *di grazia!*

Cortina begins, then, with a sporting handicap. SI salutes Cortina, wishes it well and invites you to turn to page 26 for a preview of this phase of the Olympic year.

## DUKE'S YOUNG MR. SIME

ANDY STANFIELD, reigning Olympic 200-meter champion, and Rod Richard, sprint master of the Pan-American Games, came off the blocks at the crack of the starter's gun and, shoulder to shoulder, headed down the gleaming

white board straightaway of Washington's National Guard Armory track toward the finish line 70 yards away. Seven seconds and a fraction later, still shoulder to shoulder, they arrived at their destination—only to discover someone else had been there first.

The young man who had just beaten two of the world's finest dash men was named David Sime and he was a student at Duke University. That much, which the crowd discovered after a quick check of their programs, was about all the information available at the moment, apart from the fact that Duke's young Mr. Sime seemed to be tall, red-headed and the bearer of a bashful grin. Further details were probably unimportant anyway; with a good start, those things can happen at 70 yards, indoors.

*continued on next page*

## CURRENT WEEK &amp; WHAT'S AHEAD

President Eisenhower, kept from his favorite putting and chipping green by a blanket of snow, has turned to swimming as a new form of exercise at the suggestion of his physicians. Each day, shortly before lunch, he walks over to the 15-by-50-foot White House pool, ducks into the tepid 85° water and porpoises around for 30 or 40 minutes under the watchful eye of Dr. Howard McC. Snyder.

Kentucky's intrepid Adolph Rupp brushed off early-season defeats by Temple and Dayton and put in his claim for the NCAA basketball championship. Admitting that unbeaten San Francisco will be in the finals March 24, Rupp says: "That's when we have our date with them. And I know what to do with them right now."

American track fans got disappointing news when Britain's Brian Hewson, one of five who have run the mile in less than four minutes, regretfully notified the AAU that he

won't be able to compete in the U.S. next month because of a strained leg muscle, though he may possibly arrive for the wind-up of the indoor season in March. But balancing the disappointment of mile fanatics was the discovery of the new sprint sensation, Dave Sime of Duke (*see above*).

Russia, even more serious about the Melbourne Olympics than about Cortina, is planning the biggest tryouts ever held by one country. According to Constantin Andrianov, Soviet Olympic chairman, millions of Russians will take part in a three-month-long series of meets with some 10,000 survivors competing in the finals—a two-week "Spartakiade" in a new 100,000-seat stadium in Moscow next August.

East Germany has unlocked five athletes who fled to the West, taking away their title Master of Sports because "through their behavior they have damaged the reputation of the democratic sport movement."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 9

But when the same tall youngster with the same thunderous stride charged home again, first, in the 80-yard dash, the crowd began to stir. And when he beat Stanfield in the 100 for a third straight victory, the only calm person around was the meet announcer. "The winner," he droned, "Sime of Duke. Time, 9.5 seconds, a new meet record."

For a moment there was silence and then the announcer, no longer calm, came back on the air. "Sime's 9.5," he announced, "is also a new world indoor record."

No one was more surprised than David Sime himself (see page 14). A sophomore premedical student from Fairlawn, N.J., the 19-year-old sprinter went to Duke on a baseball scholarship.

"I played halfback on the football team in high school," he said, "and ran a little in the spring and summer. But baseball was my sport and I concentrated on that."

Then one day last spring, while waiting for baseball practice to start, he dropped by the track to watch Joel Shankle, Duke's champion hurdler, work out. "Looks like fun," Sime said. "Come on out," said Shankle. So he did. As a freshman, Sime (pronounced Sim) split his time between baseball, where he played center field and hit .340, and track, where he went unbeaten in the 100 (9.6), the 220 (21.1), the broad jump (23 feet 3 inches) and the low hurdles (23.2). But not many people outside the South knew much about David Sime, until Saturday night.

## BRING ON THE HAY BALES—II

TWO WEEKS after SI road-tested the new Corvette—and invited General Motors onto the hay-bale-lined road to the sports car championship of the world (SI, Jan. 16)—GM's Chevrolet division made an epochal announcement:

The Corvette should be in competition by March.

The Corvette's first big racing test, if all goes well, will be the 12-hour international endurance race at Sebring, Fla. Thereafter, Corvettes may carry America's blue-and-white colors to the most important sports car race of all, France's 24-hour test at Le Mans.

For American enthusiasts it was eye-blinking news—an open commitment by the largest division of the world's

biggest manufacturing corporation to explore a fascinating arena of sport that has long been dominated by Europeans. Except for Sportman Briggs Cunningham's virtually single-handed efforts with homebred machines, the U.S. has lately let sports car racing honors go to overseas manufacturers by default.

Chevrolet's chief engineer, Edward N. Cole, conceded that GM does not expect overnight success: "We are neophytes in this game. We have a lot to learn, and we expect to make mistakes." Chevrolet will start out with the base 1956 Corvette, the car which John Fitch road-tested at 133 mph for SI and which, with racing modifications that will be available to the public, bettered 150 mph last week at Daytona Beach in the hands of Corvette Engineer Zora Duntov.

Chevrolet expects to build 100 Corvettes in the first month of production and then 1,000 a month during the rest of 1956. Those which turn up in races of less than three hours probably will carry the kind of optional equipment Duntov used at Daytona Beach—small racing windscreen in place of the standard, speed-cheating wrap-around windshield, a streamlined cockpit cover, modified camshaft and a rear-axle ratio to suit the circuit. For longer grinds that place a premium on brakes, such as Sebring, special brakes and lightweight magnesium knockoff wheels are contemplated. At Sebring, by the way, the Corvettes will be opposed by two examples of Detroit's only other comparable car, the Ford Thunderbird.

Whatever the competition, Chevrolet is out to make its mark. "We are in the sports car business," said Edward Cole, "and we are in it to stay."

## A QUESTION OF HONOR

IT WOULD BE A bore to list serially all the fouls Sandy Saddler, featherweight champion, committed last Wednesday night at San Francisco in a televised bout with Flash Elorde, a young Filipino. Among them were batting, hitting and holding, and gouging at Elorde's cut eye with the glove laces. Saddler won thereby a technical knockout. It was the dirtiest fight in years.

After the fight Elorde's double little wife gave a statement to reporters:

"I should say something about our country," she began shyly, then let the sentence trail off. "I hope that the fight brought no dishonor to our country."

## DESIGN FOR SPORT

EVEN TOMORROW's conventional automobile, according to today's best guess, is going to be a machine of sport, a car for fun and fresh air. That is immediately clear to anyone who takes a look at this year's Motorama, which General Motors has just dispatched on its annual cross-country tour. From the plainest Chevrolet station wagon to Cadillac's \$8,500 Eldorado brougham, the 1956 models have the look and feel of sport firmly etched into their design.

There is, for example, the Cadillac sedan with a built-in picnic bar alongside the driver's seat—a kind of automotive kitchenette with electric oven, icebox and even a safe for mother's jewels when the time comes to park the car and head into the woods for a hike.

Yet it is in the "dream cars," the experimental models which all five GM divisions put on display each year, that the pattern of tomorrow's motoring is most striking. From bumper to bumper each of them is a direct offshoot of today's sports car, low and dashing and styled for people who aren't afraid of fresh air.

Then there is a four-passenger Buick sedan called the Centurion, which has an all-glass top, perhaps to give the feel of exposure to people not yet ready for the reality.

## THE BOAT SHOWS

WITH 25 MILLION Americans racing, trolling aboard, fishing from or otherwise enjoying 5,537,000 pleasure craft in 1955, it astonished practically no one when the 46th annual National Motorboat Show in New York turned out to be the biggest and best yet. Attendance at the ten-day, eye-popping spectacle was estimated at 325,000. There wasn't room for all the exhibitors who wanted space and of those who did get precious square footage, several had to stop taking orders before the show was over; they had sold all the boats they could build in 1956. Among the sales: a \$30,000 cruiser to Roy Campanella of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

When the word "boons" is applied to all this activity on the boating scene, boat people wince. It's no boom, they protest, but a permanent solid interest as firmly grounded as the interest in automobiles.

The talk of small fry at the show tended to confirm this view; youngsters were tossing off the big trade

names, such as Richardson, Matthews, Higgins, Chris-Craft, as glibly as they can fling out the names of four-wheeled jobs.

As the New York show closed, an even bigger Chicago show prepared to open. The latter will have seven-and-a-half acres of boats, 645 in all, representing 123 builders from the U.S., Canada, Sweden, England, Scotland and Germany.

A man from Mars, going from one exhibit to the other, might get the idea that boats were—excuse the expression—booming.

#### JULIE CARRIES ON

AS THE BOXING Writer's Association of New York sat down to its annual dinner the other night, Julius Helfand, chairman of the New York State boxing commission, had a chance to sign a negotiated peace with boxing's dirty business. The International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) had hoarded his handwagon, the Boxing Guild of New York was kaputt and the National Boxing Association's executive committee was avowedly on his side.

It would have been an easy peace to make. Helfand rejected it. He began his after-dinner speech gently enough, recalling that he had taken the boxing cleanup job without experience, save that which comes to any racket-busting district attorney.

"I came here a year ago," he said, "and told you I knew nothing about boxing. Now I know a great deal."

He acknowledged his pleased surprise when the NBA executive committee voted to support him in his outlawing of the New York Guild and passed a second resolution requiring that managers be licensed in their home states before they could operate elsewhere. But seconds later his thanks took on the look of a rhetorical feint.

"And then," he said, "came the third (resolution). This is my greatest surprise. The shock of this was so great that I did not feel it for several days. It says that a boxer could sign his own contract in a state where his manager is suspended.

"This is sheer hypocrisy and nothing else."

These were harsh words. At least several of the 14 boxing commissioners who otherwise supported him had voted for this resolution in an effort to avoid punishing boxers for the sins of their managers. But Helfand is a brusquely practical man who has learned, in one year, that the boxing jungle observes

no ethic but the old law of the claw.

"They might as well have held no meeting at all," Helfand cried and went on to point out, as SI did last week, that "if you permit a fighter whose manager has been suspended to sign for his own fights you are putting a blindfold on your eyes because you know that after the fight is over they will go back to the hotel and the manager will whack up the purse."

"I say to Mr. Radziwinda," he continued, turning to Lou Radziwinda, NBA president, "that if he is sincere, the NBA will repeat that resolution. Otherwise you have done nothing for boxing."

As Radziwinda blinked (he indicated later that he, at least, would do nothing to repeal the resolution), Julius Helfand sat down and in that moment discovered that, though some of the press had been less than friendly to him, though few who make a living in boxing have dared express open admiration for him, he had won at least a large portion of this audience of newspapermen, fight managers, boxers and fans. There were shouts and cheers and many stood in a rising ovation. It was quite apparent that Julie Helfand had only begun to fight.

#### PEACE OF MIND

ROCKY MARCIANO WAS at the Boxing Writers' dinner too. Presenting the rookie-of-the-year award to a young fighter named Bob Murphy, Rocky took the plaque in his big hands. "I never got my hands on one of these before," he said. (When he was a rookie, the award was not being given.)

But he knew how an able young athlete like Bob Murphy had a right to feel:

"Once a kid takes a sport and likes it, there's the necessity of clean living. He'll learn courage in the ring. He'll learn the way to being a good citizen...."

He raised his own huge fists up and looked at them. "A kid learns to use these ... and he goes out into the world a fearless man. And that's a comfortable feeling."

#### BAD NEWS FROM THE BUREAU

TAX LAWS, believe it or not, are a great help in rounding up a good college football team. Under Section 501 (C) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954, contributions to educational institutions are tax exempt; in other words, a rich and rabid football fan can deduct the cost of sending a swivel-hipped halfback to his favorite seat of learning. There are even those, it seems, who would like to deduct the added cost of luring the athlete to old Siwash State—an expense that sometimes runs into quite a sum, what with a new convertible for the prospect's father and a new automatic washing machine for Mom, along with numerous trips to the campus and appropriate accompanying entertainment for the halfback himself.

Recently the bureau gave some further thought to this matter and decided things had gone too far. A group of alumni, otherwise unidentified, had asked the bureau whether "an organization which raises funds to be used

*continued on next page*



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principally in travel and other activities necessary to interview and persuade prospective students with outstanding athletic ability to attend a particular university" was tax exempt. The bureau said no, that these activities were "not properly classifiable as exclusively educational."

This may come as a blow to a number of the country's best football teams. Suppose that booster groups were forced to let athletes make up their own minds, free of inducements, about where they wished to be educated.

Or even worse: suppose the bureau carried its thinking on this subject to a logical conclusion and decided that contributions for scholarships limited strictly to athletes were "not properly classifiable as exclusively educational."

## INSUFFICIENT POSTAGE

CANADA HAS JUST ISSUED its first postage stamp honoring a sport. Naturally, the sport is hockey. The stamp, a blue 5-center, shows three hockey players in action. Their shirts bear the simple legend "Canada"—not the big "C" that identifies Les Canadiens of proud old Montreal, a city which feels so strongly about such things that it would be quite in character if its citizens loyally refused to buy any of the new stamps.

If it seems surprising that Canada is just getting around to issuing a sports



stamp, it is no less startling to check up on sports issues in the U.S., a nation preoccupied with games. In all the nation's history, the U.S. has had only five stamps with sporting themes. Three were issued in 1932, the year the Olympics were held at Lake Placid and Los Angeles. One showed a skier, one a runner crouched at the starting line, one a discus thrower. There was a baseball stamp for the celebration of what was erroneously believed to be the game's centennial in 1939. Finally, in 1948, Congressman Harold Youngblood of Detroit put through a bill for a stamp honoring the American Turners Society in its 100th gymnastic year.

What are the plans for a stamp taking note of this notable Olympic year?

None. There will be no Olympic stamp.

The Post Office Department explains that it issues only about a dozen new stamps a year and at present there are 2,200 nominations on file. Thus, sports and many famous Americans (General of the Armies John J. Pershing, for one) have had to be neglected.

Even so, some strange selections have been made. There have been stamps honoring newshogs, lawyers, farm boys, bankers, railroad engineers and volunteer firemen. The trucking industry has been hailed and, saluting the glories of the poultry business, a 1948 stamp carried a full length portrait of a rooster which looked—for what consolation it may be to sports-minded collectors—a little like Casey Stengel wearing his new Japanese kimono (see page 12).

## GOOD SENSE AT BELMONT

FOR SEVERAL YEARS now the meaning of the once-inspiring phrase Triple Crown winner has had pretty much of a false ring among horsemen. Aside from the distinct possibility that no colt since Citation (1948) may have been good enough to capture the Triple Crown—Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont—a lot of very fine racers were denied the privilege of even shooting for it simply because their owners had neglected to nominate them for all three of the spring classics. For one reason or another, for instance, the last time a Derby winner even started in the Belmont was in 1951.

Track management attempted, a few years back, to call attention to the situation by closing nominations for all three classes on the same day, February 15, but, while Pimlico gladly accepted supplementary nominations for the Preakness in an honest effort to lure the Derby winner on to Baltimore, Belmont Park steadfastly stuck to its "nonsupplementary nominations" edict. Last year, for example, Belmont's regulations may have prevented Swaps and Nashua from meeting in all the Triple Crown events. After Swaps (who had been nominated to the Derby only) had beaten Nashua in Kentucky, Owner Rex Ellsworth said, "If we could get into the Belmont, we'd stay East for the Preakness too."

SI aired this vexing problem last spring (SI, May 23, May 30) and, when Belmont decided against a policy change, suggested an alternate proposal: a common nomination blank for the three races.

Something new has been added to the racing scene since last May. Bel-

mont Park, along with New York's other flat racing tracks, has come under ownership of the Greater New York Association. Last week, having reached one of its first concrete decisions aimed at bringing a new look to Eastern racing, the group had an announcement to make: for the 88th Belmont Stakes this June 16, supplementary entries at \$5,000 will be accepted to within five days of the race.

Sounds like good news for everybody interested in the fine old tradition of Triple Crown competition.

## FOOTNOTE TO A FOOTNOTE

IT IS A MONTH AND A HALF since violent death came to Alex Louis Greenberg, financial expert of the old Capone mob (SI, Dec. 26), and Chicago police are still in search of the two men who gunned him to the ground outside the Glass Dome Hockey Pit.

Like any old Capone man, Greenberg no doubt accumulated his share of private enemies, but the circumstance in the life and death of Greenberg that attracted SI's attention was the relationship between a notorious gangster and the boxing business. One of Greenberg's latter-day efforts was the expansion of his Canadian Ace Brewery (originally a Capone property) in New York State through an ill-fated distributing company known as World Champions, Inc. In this effort Greenberg's brewery wrapped itself in the prestige of Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson, stockholders and officers of the proposed distributing company. The effort failed when New York State refused a license, in large part because of Greenberg's history.

Another original stockholder in the Canadian Ace Brewery—Joe Louis-Ray Robinson distributing company was to have been Truman Gibson Jr., now secretary of the IBC, then the lawyer for and business adviser to Joe Louis. SI reported—in error, on the basis of a circumstantially detailed newspaper account—that Chicago police had questioned Gibson about Alex Greenberg after the murder. SI takes this opportunity to correct the record. It further notes Truman Gibson Jr.'s assurance that "I was not a friend and business associate" of Louis Greenberg. I had not seen Mr. Greenberg for a period of five years prior to his death."

SI believes the public still has the obligation to be concerned with the links between the underworld and the boxing business, and one of these is exemplified in the case of Alex Greenberg and World Champions, Inc.

## THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

With words, gestures, props—  
and a wig yet—Casey Stengel  
winds up his Japanese travels



YANKEE MANAGER STENGEL, ALL BOLLED UP LIKE MADAME BUTTERFLY, POINTS TO FIGURE OF SUMO WRESTLER HE PICKED UP IN JAPAN

WORLD TRAVELER Casey Stengel, home in Glendale, Calif. after a tour abroad with the New York Yankees, lost no time in summing up Japan's baseball potential. Said the swivel-tongued Stengel: "Most of the pitchers who pitched against our ball club in the Orient never pitched nine innings. The pitchers were relieved as soon as the visiting team got a few hits. As a result, it's hard for me to say how good their pitchers are until I see them in nine-inning games. They're intellectually good and as

bright as most big league pitchers. They're agile in fielding. They can throw curved balls, slow balls and fast balls. Within four or five years, I should think they'd be able to develop several pitchers who could make good in the major leagues and some of the infielders and outfielders should be able to play in the major leagues, too." As for hiring a Japanese scout, one Mr. Bonzo, Stengel offered: "He's a very high-class man and he can talk better than I can and his judgment will be better to judge Japanese players."

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

## THE SPLINTER SET

Some famous old faces were joined by a handful of exciting new ones at Philadelphia and Washington last week for indoor track's only big double-header



SPRINT DISCOVERY DAVE SIMS (SEE PAGE 8) HOLDS TROPHY WON AT WASHINGTON MEET



POUNDING DOWN CONVENTION HALL

FLATTENING OUT TO CLEAR HIGH-JUMP BAR AT 5-FEET-6, MORGAN STATE'S ROBERT BARKSOALE WINS EVENT IN "EVENING STAR" GAMES







SUNWAY DURING PHILADELPHIA GAMES, REV. BOB RICHARDS HEARS FOR 14TH SUCCESSFUL VAULT OVER ONCE IMPOSSIBLE HEIGHT OF 35 FEET

OLYMPIC STEEPCHASE CHAMPION MORACE ASHENFELTER OPENS UP LEAD OVER RLO RIVAL FRED WILT IN "INQUIRER'S" TWO-MILE EVENT





ALAN, 5, AND PAUL, 8, USE THEIR HEADS TO CARRY SNOW COASTERS



RICKY AND PAUL START JOYOUSLY DOWN THE HILL ONLY TO FINISH



DAD JERRY FILLS COASTER AMPLY AFTER SONS DARED HIM TO RIDE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED STEIN

# SAUCERS ON SNOW

Flying saucers come to earth as the Bersuk family of Madison, Wis. take to snow-covered hills in their aluminum coasters



THREE-YEAR-OLD RICKY BERSUK, RESEMBLES A TURTLE AS HE TOTES THE SNOW COASTER ON HIS BACK

UP (BELOW) LINE JACK AND JILL





# MEET THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

**A lithe young Brooklyn Negro named Floyd Patterson, who was the boxing star of the 1952 Olympic Games, now threatens Rocky Marciano's crown**

by PAUL O'NEIL

NEW OUTLINE fight managers can look at a young heavyweight without experiencing an unsettling sense of despondency: if hope suggests a dozen reasons for believing the boy will become a walking gold mine, experience supplies 100 for suspecting he will not. Apprentice pugilists are constantly the prey of their own doubts and fears; both their confidence and their reputations must be built as carefully as a pouesse-calf and can be destroyed by one damaging fight. Even if the aspirant has a reckless appetite for hawling, he may never get past the seventh grade of his education for the ring, or may be kayoed by the Demon Ram. Nonetheless, it is now as clear as anything can be in the future hooks of boxing that a lithe young Brooklyn Negro named Floyd Patterson—who celebrated his 21st birthday this month by challenging Rocky Marciano—will be the next heavyweight champion of the world.

This does not mean that Patterson—who was the boxing star of the 1952 Olympic Games at the tender age of 17—can be expected to demolish Marciano this week or the week after. In *The Ring's* year-end ratings for 1953, in fact, Patterson is not even listed among the heavyweights, although he is considered the No. 1 challenger for the light-heavyweight crown. His own handlers, until recently, have been tormented by the ghastly suspicion that he might quit growing before he weighed 175 pounds, and might thus be stranded forever just out of reach of big gates and big money. But despite this and despite his youth, Patterson could very well end up facing Marciano in the ring before 1956 is out and, in doing so, could inspire one of the biggest gates of modern times.

He has, in the last few months, demonstrated a heartening tendency to keep on getting bigger. He weighed 178½ pounds, trained five, in December, and was nudging 180 pounds last week—only five pounds short of the weight at which big men are classically considered at their most efficient. He has always been an exciting fighter and one with rare natural talent. But he has also shown an awesome capacity for improvement—in nine fights last year, all won

by knockouts or technical knockouts, he proved himself an increasingly finished and balanced technician in the ring. In his last bout he so outclassed the fifth-ranking heavyweight, Jimmy Slade, now reduced to ninth place as a result, that the referee stopped the chase in the seventh round.

In the opinion of the Brooklyn matchmaker Teddy Brenner and the veteran promoter Ray Arcel, Patterson today is the "best young fighter of any weight in the world" and both believe he will outclass all other leading heavyweights within the year—that his speed and reflexes will be too much for seasoned contenders like Ezzard Charles, Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, Nino Valdes, Bob Baker and Bob Satterfield, and that he already is much more than a match for New Orleans' Willie Pastrano, Philadelphia's Joey Rowan, Detroit's Chuck Spiccer and other relative newcomers.

But what would be Patterson's fate if circumstance pushed him into combat with the champion as early as next September—or, for that matter, even with Archie Moore?

Patterson's manager, white-haired Constantine (Cus) D'Amato, a shrewd and cautious man, has a tremendous respect for the Marciano budgeoning power. But D'Amato firmly believes that by next fall a 21-year-old Patterson would be too much for a 33-year-old Marciano or a 40-year-old Moore. Patterson's trainer, an oldtimer named Dan Florio, who maintains a cynical detachment about fighters for all his pedagogical attachments to them, puts it more bluntly. "I'd be no contest," he says. "Patterson is just too fast. I've trained lots of old guys. I trained Joe Walcott. They get tired, and if you get tired in there against Patterson, then God help you. I'd hate to be the guy. A year, he'll be ready for anybody. I've trained 300-600 fighters and I've never seen anything like this boy."

This sort of rash smothering has a good deal of foundation in present performance. At 21, Patterson is known as a "fellow who will leave you for dead." He is a good-looking

*continued on next page*

FLOYD PATTERSON (WITH MANAGER D'AMATO IN GHOSTLY BACKGROUND) SURVEYS WORLD

## FLOYD PATTERSON

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six-footer with lean hips, long arms and broad shoulders powered by slabs of smooth muscle. There is still a gangling, faintly schoolboyish air about him, but he fights with the expressionless eye and violent gracefulness of a large cat hunting its dinner. He is a rarity—a good boxer with a knockout in either fist and an instinct for pressing his man. He has lightning reflexes, fast hands and can punch in bewildering combinations. He is hard to hit, but he has been clobbered, upstairs and down, without losing his poise or aggressiveness. He has never been knocked out. He has lost one professional fight; that, however, was a debatable eight-round decision to wily old Joey Maximo, the ex-light heavyweight champion, with whom he was matched at 19. "He can belt good," says Joey, "and he had my tail dragging after the fourth round."

Fighters, like most other athletes, do not reach their peak of physical efficiency until they are mature, grown men (an Irish fighter, according to ring legend, may not develop fully until 23, 26 or even 27—Latinos and Negroes are generally expected to mature at around 23). But fighters should also start

young, and Patterson already has a veteran's poise. He began fighting at 15, had 44 amateur fights (38 of them won by knockouts) and since then has easily beaten top middleweights, top light heavyweights and main-event heavyweights. He suffers from nervousness before a fight, but is able to fall asleep while waiting in the dressing room, a trick of relaxation few boxers have ever achieved (among the few: Gene Tunney and Joe Louis). The idea of losing does not seem to occur to him. "The other guy always looks big when we weigh in," he says, "but it's funny—he always seems smaller than me when I see him in the ring."

As a main-event fighter of note and (ah, glorious distinction) a contender for the heavyweight championship, Patterson lives at present in a curious state of suspension—not unlike a man cautiously savoring the rigors and surprises of Space Platform One while preparing for a trip to the moon. The platform, at the moment, is a lackadassically furnished bachelor den in Brooklyn's rugged Bedford-Stuyvesant section, just a few hazy dreams away from riches and world fame, and just a few blocks from a crumbling Old Law tenement where his father, a hard-working garbage truck driver, and his mother live with nine of their 11 children. Pat-

erson is basically a shy and sensitive youth; he is shrewd and knowing about the ring and the mores of the slums, but he sometimes reveals a grave and boyish innocence about the big outside world into which growing fame is projecting him. Pending that great day when he supposes the transition will be complete, Floyd keeps to himself.

"I don't have many acquaintances," he says. "You get an acquaintance and, the first thing, they start doing things for you—favors for you—and the next thing they want to borrow." For companionship Patterson relies heavily upon a 24-year-old uncle named Charley Johnson. Patterson gets up at six each morning, drives with Uncle Charley to Brooklyn's Prospect Park where—heavily encased in long underwear, overalls, heavy Army shoes, sweatshirt and hood—he runs from two to five miles. He goes back to his room, drinks a cup of tea and sleeps until midday. He goes to a movie and then to Manhattan to work out in Manager D'Amato's grimy gym.

### THE QUIET ONE

On Saturday night he occasionally invites Sandra Hicks—an 18-year-old Brooklyn high school senior whom he has known for years—to the movies. When asked how he met Sandra he says proudly: "We were introduced." He is a Roman Catholic convert, and on Sunday morning he usually goes to late Mass. But he spends most evenings holed up in his apartment. He seldom visits Madison Square Garden to watch fights, even though he can get in for nothing. "The crowd throws you off," he says. "You keep looking around. I'd rather watch them here on television; this way I'm by my self and I can learn something." Patterson has a motion picture projector and he runs and reruns kinescopes of his televised fights; sometimes, in search of his own mistakes, he stops the reel and examines it frame by frame in a film splicer. He often wanders back to his mother's kitchen. He dislikes steak, supposedly the only trustworthy protein for athletes, and his mother feeds him large quantities of pork chops and "yam potatoes"—a diet Manager D'Amato has moodily approved on the theory that Patterson has digestive juices capable of anything and must be constantly stoked, no matter what the fuel, in the awful struggle for more poundage. He goes to bed early. "Floyd," says D'Amato approvingly, "is a fellow who sleeps a lot."

Patterson's life, however, is not all training and self-communion. He



**ROMAN CATHOLIC** Convert Patterson has quiet chat with his friend and religious

mentor, Father Archibald McLane, in the rectory of Brooklyn's Holy Rosary Church.

grossed \$25,000 last year and about as much so far this year. Expenses, his manager's cut, his trainer's fees and taxes take a big bite out of these earnings, but for a 21-year-old he nevertheless enjoys a heady solvency. He contributes heavily to the support of his family. He is a youth with a secret inclination toward dudishness; he cultivates sideburns and treats himself to good clothes. He owns a small monkey named Connie—a lively beast which he has stationed at Sandra's home, where it runs up and down the curtains, takes the telephone off its cradle, turns on the family television set and, if not restrained, dabs itself with lipstick. He drives a cream-colored 1956 Cadillac Eldorado hardtop (a Caddy is standard equipment for all but the most impetuous main-event fighters, and this one is Floyd's third) and occasionally guides it to Manhattan to attend a rock-and-roll session at Harlem's Apollo Theater—the manager not only welcomes him joyously and gives him seats on the house but introduces the pleased, if bashful gladiator to the crowd (which cheers vociferously) during the intermission.

#### UP FROM THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

Patterson, for all his natural talent, has not reached this Dauphin-like estate without a struggle. His case, in fact, dramatically illustrates the pitfalls and difficulties which must be skirted and overcome in bringing any boxer within range of a championship. It also illustrates the fact that professional boxing, for all its seamy background, its haremlike jealousies and its pitiful human rotasim, can be a power for good in shaping the character of young males—not all of whom are born for the ministry, atomic science or Wall Street. Boxing and the long-maligned New York public school system, in fact, converted Patterson from a troubled boy who seemed hell-bent for jail into an eminently stable young man with that proprietary regard for order which seems to come naturally to any leading citizen.

As a boy in the asphalt jungle, Patterson was a lonely, disturbed and defiant being—the third in a family of 11 children, whom his parents, for all their toil, could barely feed. "Broke into store with gang . . . old school-system reports on him note. 'Runs away from home . . . truant. . . .'" He was not a stupid boy—his IQ was average—but he virtually refused to talk. He also refused to learn—at 12 he could not read. School only increased his sense of being rejected and he



NEXT TO HIS HARDTOP CADILLAC, FLOYD PRIZES CONNIE, HIS LIVELY LITTLE PET MONKEY

fought against it, just as he fought on the sidewalks and escaped at every opportunity. "I liked Coney Island," he recalls. "I liked to watch people going on the rides. And the Sheffield Farms kept their trucks across from P.S. 93. They left the keys in them. I used to sneak out and start them up. I'd run them ahead a little and back them up a little. Once," he adds with a faint grin, "I drove one home. Seven blocks. Had to. The man was chasing me."

Patterson's mother, a woman of force and character, decided on a drastic cure. "I acted real quick," she says. "The twig is bent early." She had Floyd committed to the Wiltwyck School, an institution for problem children in the country near Esopus, N.Y. The boy was shipped away, sullen as a trapped wolf. "I thought they were going to have bars on all the windows and keep me in jail." But Wiltwyck let him roam the woods and gave him kindness and understanding. He came back to New York after two years, was enrolled in P.S. 614, a city grammar school for backward boys on Manhattan's grimy, noisy lower East Side, and blossomed into a star pupil and the school hero. P.S. 614 still plays a big part in Floyd Patterson's life: he telephones his former teachers regularly, makes a pilgrimage back to the school in the afternoon before every New York fight and has presented it with a big silver loving cup which is annually awarded to the pupil who excels in sportsmanship.

Cus D'Amato's Gramercy Gymna-

sium & Health Club (pronounced Gramacy on the East Side and so spelled by the forgotten painter who put the name on the door) is just a few blocks from P.S. 614—Patterson was still a pupil there when he first climbed the long, dim stairway up from 14th Street, passed the two garbage cans on the landing, walked through a seamy hall and entered the dingy and barnlike gymnasium.

The Gramercy Gym, at first glance, might well stir a reformer's ire. There is a hole in the entrance door, patched by chicken netting, and when the gym is locked a vicious dog peers through, growling horribly at all callers. Only four people—D'Amato, two trainers and Patterson—are privileged to "know the dog" and the place cannot be entered until one of them arrives and ties the beast up in a back room. The space inside is bare except for a ring, two heavy bags, a light bag, a shelf with an opened jar of vaseline, a rubbing table, some cracked mirrors (for shadow boxing) a few folding chairs, a shower and some steel lockers. The grimy windows are kept tightly closed, the air is close and hot and the stench of sweat overpowering. To the police of the 13th Precinct, however, the gym is an oasis in a gritty wilderness—youth hoodlums who become fighters attain a dignity which usually keeps them out of trouble.

To Floyd Patterson, as to many another slum boy, the prize ring seemed the only avenue of escape to a better

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# THE WICKET MEN OF HOLLYWOOD

by JAMES MURRAY

**Croquet is an exacting and dandy game as played by Darryl Zanuck and his friends of the Coast film set**

FOR TWO small but highly articulate groups at either end of the country, the game these days is not gin rummy or charades or baseball, but croquet—an imported version that bears little resemblance to the genteel pastime of the 1890s, and is at once deft, argumentative and deadly. Originated some time around 1925 by a few wealthy estate owners in the East (among them Ogden Phipps, Mrs. Margaret Emerson, Averell Harriman and Herbert Bayard Swope Jr.), "scientific" croquet is played with expensive, closely calibrated English equipment, high wickets and hot tempers. Moss Hart, the playwright, is credited with transporting the game to Hollywood, where it quickly attracted a coterie of converts among the high and mighty, some of whom are pictured opposite.

The real Pook-Bah of western croquet, however, is Darryl F. Zanuck, production chief of 20th Century-Fox, whose court is shown below and who appears in person on the following page. Zanuck is a fierce and dedicated croquet player; he also is a fierce and dedicated croquet talker.

## LUNCH AT A DOGTROT

At one o'clock every day—regardless of what multimillion-dollar movie epic hangs in the balance or how many calls are backlogged on his chattering telephone switchboard—Zanuck puts aside the cares of running Hollywood's second-largest studio, puts a sport jacket on over his button-down sweater, takes his sawed-off polo mallet from the wall and sets off at a dogtrot for the studio executive dining room.

When Zanuck hits the dining room—which he does with the zest of a full-back trying for a first down—one of Hollywood's interesting tribal councils takes place. There are usually a half a dozen or so of the movie industry's prime movers on hand. Most often, these are all Fox producers, but occasionally there is room for a mere actor and sometimes even a jester or a major politician.

On this afternoon, attendance was high: Producers Sam Engel, Herbert Bayard Swope Jr., Nunnally Johnson, Frank Ross, Buddy Adler and Frank McCarthy were present, as were the actor James Mason, the studio press agent Harry Brand and the casting officer Lew Schreiber.

Immediately after Zanuck hung up his polo mallet on a clothes tree—a ritual of Zanuck arrivals—he snatched a saltine and sat himself down at the head of the table. The pre-Zanuckian talk ceased and the boss was permitted to regroup the talk.

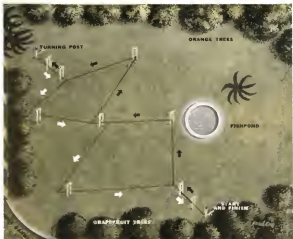
Sometimes the conversation quickly veers around to the movie business, but this was a croquet day—as Zanuck indicated even before he had given Nick Janois, the respectful maître d'hôtel, his order.

Glaring at Harry Brand, Zanuck demanded: "What's that junk you gave me from the encyclopedia about croquet? Migod, I'll never believe the encyclopedia again! They said croquet was played with two balls! Good Lord, if they're as wrong on other things as they are on croquet, where are we?"

Zanuck bit into a chunk of corned beef, then pointed a fork at Swope. "There's one of the greatest croquet players in the world," he said hotly. "His father was one of the best. One of the best—and probably one of the noisiest. He was playing in Florida once—against Harpo Marx, I guess, and his partner was not as good a player. Only the fellow thought he was. Two or three

*text continued on page 25*

**THE ZANUCK COURSE** at Palm Springs is 82 feet between end posts, 80 feet wide. Players (maximum number, four, two to a side) each have own ball, play through nine wickets. Partners aid, protect one another. Object: to complete course, hit posts before opponents do. Balls, of a hard composition, are in play any place in yard.





**HOLLYWOOD CROQUET** enthusiasts Producer William Hawks (left), Prince Mike Romanoff talk strategy at Darryl Zanuck's Palm Springs home.



**THOUGHTFUL ACTOR** George Sanders, one of the better croquet players in Hollywood, meditates about shot on laws of his home in Pacific Palisades.

**SAM GOLDWYN** measures possibilities under the watchful eye of Speed Post, a stockbroker. Sam is rated "second category" player by senious Zanuck.





## WICKET MEN

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times during the game the partner would ask Swope, "Don't you think I should go away with this shot?" Migod, it was driving Swope crazy and finally he couldn't take it any more. He told the fellow, "All right, now, put the blue ball out of the game. Don't give me any argument, just drive it out in the weeds as far as you can." The fellow began to protest and Swope exploded, "Dammit, I said the blue ball out and shut up, dammit!" So the fellow did. Hit the best shot he hit all day and drove the blue ball practically into the Atlantic Ocean. And then Swope turned white! It was his ball!"

Zanuck didn't laugh himself. He waited patiently till the roars subsided before continuing. "The average croquet game takes an hour and 40 minutes—unless you're playing against Averell Harriman. When he plays, it takes four hours. He takes 15 minutes to make a move and ends up doing what every player figured he should have done in the first place."

### HARRIMAN A FANATIC

"Averell is an absolute nut on the game. He even had a game set up in Russia when he was there. When he was Secretary of Commerce, he flew to San Francisco once to make a speech and telephoned me and asked me, 'Can I get in a game tonight? I've got to be back in Washington tomorrow afternoon.' He flew down to my house in Palm Springs and we lighted the field at 11 p.m. and played till 4 that morning."

"The game as we know it today in America originated on Long Island," Zanuck continued. "Alec Woolcott, Neysa McMein and that crowd played it a lot back in the '20s."

"There's a top echelon of players," Zanuck turned to Swope. "What's the best grouping of players, would you say?"

Swope reflected a moment: "Well, there's myself, and—well, Harold Guinzburg and Ogden Phipps; after that it's hard to say."

James Mason cleared his throat. "I read in the papers that George Sanders is a pretender . . ." he offered.

"George is a good player, he's good," shot back Zanuck politely. "He's irritating. The top players have to be irritating as well as good. The top players out here are Howard and Bill Hawks, Negulesco, Louis Jourdan. . ."

Law Schreiber looked up from his soup. "Isn't the king any good?"

"Who?" snapped Zanuck.

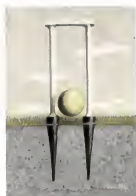
"Romanoff!" said Schreiber innocently.

"Oh, Romanoff? No, no. Mike is coming up, he's coming, but he's second category—definitely second category."

Someone asked about Don Hartman, production chief at rival Paramount Pictures. "Hartman is in the second category too," sniffed Zanuck.

"Migod, can't you put him in first category?" lamented Schreiber. "We're trying to borrow somebody from him."

Zanuck ignored Schreiber. "Then there's Sam Goldwyn," he continued.



STEEL PRONGED wicket is buried foot in ground, permits ball only 1/2-inch leeway.

"Sam is second category—but really."

"You know, Sam was playing with Negulesco. Sam would make a shot—and he'd miss. Then he'd say, 'Look, I got guests coming for dinner. Take this mallet. . . . But when he's ahead . . . you never heard such screaming.'"

At this point, Zanuck pushed his lunch plate away from him and sat back. Nick Janois hurried up with a box full of Havana cigars roughly the size of diesel smokestacks. Zanuck scooped up a handful, lit one and stuck the remainder in his breast pocket.

James Mason eyed the scene with interest, then rose and turned to go: "I can't contribute to this conversation," he noted imperiously. "I haven't played croquet since I was 11." He turned and left and Zanuck went on.

"Ratoff is another," he said. "Ratoff is an absolutely first-class player. But because of his belly he has to hold the

mallet under his armpit." Zanuck rose and affixed a table knife under his armpit and demonstrated how Ratoff manipulated a croquet mallet. "Then he has a cigaret holder and this takes away one hand. But he can still bit a ball the length of the field."

"As a kid we used to play it," put in Harry Brand. Zanuck whirled on him. "It's not the same game," he shouted. "It's an absolutely different game. That's just the trouble. It's a different game and everybody thinks it's a kid's game or an old ladies' game, or some damn thing!"

He turned to Swope. "You can learn to hit the ball very easily. It's no trick to get the swing. But to learn the strategy of the game takes an absolute minimum of two years. An absolute minimum of two years till you appreciate that what appears insane is really sound strategy."

Sam Engel stirred. "Yet there isn't a toy store that doesn't have croquet sets," he said innocently. Zanuck became agitated. "That's what ruins it! That's what absolutely ruins it. That's what makes people get the wrong idea. You have to get your equipment from England and it has to be absolutely perfect—not toys, but weapons in a deadly accurate game."

"I gave up golf at the age of 11," put in Swope. "I found croquet much more fascinating."

"Right?" shouted Zanuck triumphantly. "On every shot, there are 20 different possibilities. You have to think, 'If I go here, they will logically go there,' and you have to go on through any number of exhausting possibilities. It's the side that keeps control of the game that wins. It's the control that's almost impossible to explain. Absolutely impossible to explain."

"There are four balls in the game. It's absolutely imperative to remember who you're dead on! You must remember your partner's deadness too. Maybe he's two-ball dead—or he's dead on his partner's ball. I have to be sure my partner is not dead on another ball before I push him into position."

"Then when you're a rover, you have to think constantly. A rover is a guy who has hit everything but the stake. He goes back and roves all over the place—absolutely all over the place. To show you how nerve-racking the game is, nine-tenths of the errors occur on the final wickets. The tension gets unbelievable. And then as a rover you can go anywhere—but God help you if you're three-ball dead."

continued on page 50



# THE 1956 WINTER OLYMPICS

An introduction to the Olympic valley, the preparations, the trial meets, the runs, the outstanding competitors and the 24 gold-medal events that make up the most thrilling of all winter spectacles

by EZRA BOWEN and GEORGE WELLER

THE YEARS of preparation are over. The months of trials and preliminary races have been completed, and the greatest winter spectacle of all—the seventh Winter Olympics—is about to begin. Over the past two weeks the finest athletes from an entry of 32 nations have packed into the host town of Cortina (SI, Dec. 26) in north-eastern Italy. And in the last days before the opening ceremony, as the athletes stepped out to test the Olympic runs, there was the feeling of tense drama that only a Winter Games can produce.

For a Winter Olympics, unlike the Summer Games, means more than a race over a flat track or a carefully measured pool. The winter courses plunge dangerously down rugged, unfamiliar mountains. Before a man can beat his opponent, he must first master the mountains themselves. He must walk carefully along every foot of the course, studying each subtle bend, and

then he must push himself to the limit in practice runs, aware that a hidden bump, a patch of slush or even a gust of wind can send him crashing off the trail and out of the Olympics.

This year the danger was dramatically emphasized by the worst snow conditions in the past four years. All over Europe the practice slopes were thin and icy. Months before the Games began, the mountains of Switzerland,

## OLYMPIC SCORING

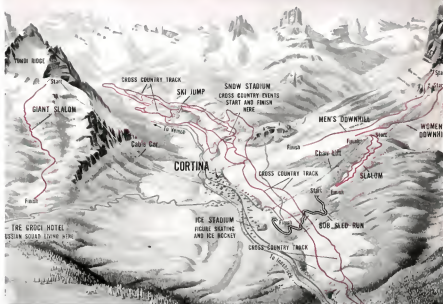
Contrary to general belief, there are no final national standings in the Olympics. Olympic rules recognize only individuals; points are awarded within separate events, but in the final, overall standings the only true scoring is by medals and certificates: gold medal for first place, silver for second, bronze for third. Fourth, fifth, sixth places get special certificates.



**OLYMPIC LAYOUT** at Cortina cost the Italian government \$5 million, took four years to build. Events are spread over entire

Austria and Scandinavia started to take their toll. Finnish jumper Ossi Laaksonen and Katy Rodolph, America's No. 2 entry in women's skiing, were both knocked out before they reached Cortina.

In the Olympic valley itself the runs were just as dangerous. During the first three weeks of January, less than two feet of snow had fallen. The bobbed track became an icy chute that cost Charles de Sorger, a Belgian driver, a broken arm when his sled went careening over the retaining wall. On the ski slopes, Evi Laniq of Germany somersaulted over a bump and broke her arm. A day later three Russian sliders were carted off to the infirmary with, variously, a broken right leg, a sprained right ankle and a sprained left ankle. Even the figure skaters weren't safe, as America's world champion, Tenley Albright, discovered when she caught her skate in a tiny pothole and fell, slicing her leg just below the ankle.



valley, with ski jump mile and half from center of town, speed skating eight miles away at Lake Misurina. Start of giant slalom is reached by cable car from edge of town up to Tondi Ridge.

Downhill and slalom runs are both served by a succession of chair lifts. Continuation of bad weather may force some ski events to emergency tracks (not yet designated) higher in mountains.

As the accidents mounted, the authorities in Cortina planned some drastic action. They lined up 300 wagons and freight cars to bring more snow into the valley, with the understanding that 800 Alpine troops would spread it over the ski jump and slalom hills. For a while there was some talk of hiring a snow-making company to bring on an artificial storm. Cortina had tried this device during another thaw two years ago. The company produced snow, all right, but it blew into another valley. The suggestion this time was received with considerable restraint. Besides, the company was asking \$12,000 for their Olympic storm. And so the committee turned back to the freight cars and the Alpine troops.

Meanwhile, in the hotels and inns and along the streets of Cortina, the excitement of the Olympics grew by the hour as the last arrivals streamed into the village. Russia, which had never before entered a Winter Games, came

in with the biggest single team—128 at last count. At Oslo in 1952 the Soviets judged themselves unready and hunked out at the last minute. This time they were at the Games to

## NEXT WEEK

**First photos of the Winter Games, and an eyewitness report by André Laguerre**

stay. From the Karelian Isthmus they brought heavy-shouldered, long-armed Vladimir Kusin, whose incredible strength and endurance have made him one of the finest cross-country skiers of all time. From Alma-Ata in the Urals, where a special training camp has been open since last summer, the skull-capped speed skaters arrived,

setting a string of new world records in warmup races along the way. And from high in the Caucasians, where the air is so thin that, as one racer reported, "If we skied slalom over a minute long we got dizzy, and some of us passed out," the Russians brought the first team of alpine skiers ever to compete for the Soviet Union.

Each man on the team had been trained by a staff of experts. Under the eye of Soviet dieticians, a cross-country ace like Kusin has crammed down 5,000 calories of food a day (double the intake for an average person) in the form of veal cutlets, eggs, jam and syrup, soup, yogurt, fish and potatoes, salad, fruit and cake. And each of his cross-country teammates keeps a daily training log that includes a brief medical report.

To meet this kind of challenge, the U.S. arrived with a squad of almost equal size—125 men and women. Few

*continued on next page*

## OLYMPIC PREVIEW

continued from page 27

of them were trained by scientists, but every one was ready. Tenley Albright and Hayes Jonkers (*see cover*) began practicing their Olympic routines last September on indoor ice at Boston and Denver. Skiers Buddy Werner, Ralph Miller and Tom Cochran went all the way to Chile last summer to find enough snow to keep their reflexes sharp; and speed skater Don McDermott of Englewood Cliffs, N.J. has subjected himself to 25 miles of bicycle riding a day just to build up his chest and lung capacity.

The Winter Games, however, will not be a head-on clash between the two biggest countries. Sweden, strong in speed skating and cross-country, checked in with 113. Austria brought 95, including an alpine squad that has dominated every one of the pre-Olympic meets. Norway, traditionally strong in winter events, brought 90. And so it goes, down through the blond Finns, with their soaring jumpers and dogged cross-country skiers; the good-natured British bobsledders, who shuffle off down the mile-a-minute runs saying things like, "Look here, do you get in first or do I?"; on down to the defiant little Bolivian delegation that totals three men—one skier, one trainer and one masseur.

In all, 1,200 athletes have crowded into the village. With them, as grand over-seer, came Avery Brundage (*see page 23*), president of the International Olympic Committee. And right behind Brundage was a hard-breathing mob of judges, coaches, trainers, political commissars, ambassadors (43 of these have come up from Rome alone), newspapermen (400 of these), former champions, relatives and an estimated 10,000 just plain spectators, to swell the population of the mountain town from 6,000 to a bulging 18,000.

Remarkably, this frantic intermingling of nations has been carried off with none of the international unpleasantness that has frequently been part of the Olympics. There was, admittedly, a mild rampas when incoming bobsledders found the Italian team warming up on the Olympic track, which supposedly had been closed to competitors. But it was quickly smoothed over. Cortina is, after all, home ground for the Italian sledgers, and where else could they practice? Some observers had been worried about the Russians, especially when the Soviets announced they were sending the biggest team at the Olympics

and that it would bivouac three and a half miles outside of town, away from the athletes of other nations.

But the Russians turned out to be as friendly as puppies. At the first practice races they bounded up to the American skiers, whom they recognized from training movies, greeted them by name and offered such warm comments on American culture as, "Louis Armstrong—good." And down the road from town, their hotel, which everyone had expected to take on the



**CORTINA LOCATION** in northeastern Italy is accessible by rail (double line) and road (heavy lines) from Venice, Innsbruck, Munich, Milan, Genoa, other major cities.

aspects of a cheerless barracks, rocked to records of *O Sole Mio*.

Friendly as they were, however, the competitors, spectators and officials represented 12,000 new people who had to eat and sleep somewhere for the next 11 days. As they poured in, it seemed impossible that the town could hold them. But somehow Cortina absorbed them all—or at least a number far beyond anything that could be expected of a town that size.

Snow or no snow, the Olympic layout was magnificent. To make it so, the town began its building program

almost as soon as the last Winter Games was ended. First the Italian government produced \$5 million dollars, collected as a special tax on the thousands of bets that are made each week in Italy's nationwide soccer pool. Two million of this went into a grandiose ice stadium for hockey and figure skating. As it stands ready for the opening hockey match between Austria and Italy Jan. 26, the stadium is the most modern, certainly the most complex structure of its type ever built. The playing surface, frozen by 175,000 feet of ammonia tubes, is high enough for two hockey rinks. The stands are designed in Alpine chalet style so as to intrude as little as possible on the natural beauty of the valley.

When filled, the seats hold 3,300 people, with room for another 9,000 standers to stamp and swing their arms. Beneath the ice and the tangle of tubes are 30 dressing rooms for figure skaters, four locker rooms for hockey players, plus a bewildering assortment of steam baths, showers, massage rooms and first aid rooms.

The ski jump, costing \$150,000 and carrying the imposing name *Italia*, is almost as impressive. The tower is 137 feet high, the in-run designed to produce jumps up to 280 feet. The runway has been zinc-coated and covered with wood so that the snow will stick properly. An elevator will take the jumpers up to one of the seven take-off platforms that will be singled out by the judges according to snow conditions at the time of the jumps. At the top of the take-off the jumpers are protected from the wind by glass screens. Stands around the out-run are ready to seat 40,000 spectators, if that many turn up.

The maze of cross-country runs (*see map page 27*) has been carved for as well as 63 miles of open snow can be cared for by 800 shovel-wielding Alpine troops. And should the bad weather

text continued on page 37

## THE STARS AT CORTINA

During the past 10 months the skiers, skaters and bobsledders of 32 nations have raced through difficult and often dangerous tryouts to reach the Olympics. For most of the stars on the following pages, like Andrea Mead Lawrence (*right*), winner of the Olympic slalom and giant slalom in 1952, the trials were little more than a formality. A few of the top competitors, however, were knocked out along the way by injuries. But for the 1,200 who reached Cortina, the real battle was ahead. For, at the end of the 11 days of competition when the winners stand up to be counted, only 24 gold first-place medals will have been given out.

## ALPINE SKIERS



ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE, U.S.

First American to win gold ski medal (1952); still considered world's top woman skier.



CHIHARU IGAYA, JAPAN

Dartmouth Student Igaya, twice U.S. slalom champion, will ski for Japan at Cortina.

ANDERL MOLTERER, AUSTRIA

Best skier in world last year, Molterer heads the powerful Austrian Alpine squad.



## ALPINE SKIERS *continued*



**PENNY PITOU, U.S.**

U.S. Junior champion in downhill, slalom and combined last season, 17-year-old Pitou rates with Teammate Betsy Smithe as possible successor to Andrea Lawrence.



**RALPH MILLER, U.S.**

Won U.S. downhill in 1959, slalom in 1965. Rated most accomplished skier on the U.S. squad.



**GIULIANA MINUZZO-CHENAL, ITALY**

Winner of women's slalom at 1955 Kandahar, Italy's best hope for an Olympic medal.





**PUTZI FRANDL, AUSTRIA**

Won Kitzbuehel slalom, Austrian giant slalom and Alpine Combined at Megève in 1955.



**INGER JORGENSEN, NORWAY**

Won Canadian women's slalom 1955; best Alpine skier on a team strong in Nordic events.



**TONI SAILER, AUSTRIA**

Won Luncheon downhill race last year, prime favorite for gold medal.



**ADRIEN OUVILLARD, FRANCE**

French downhill champion last season, has beaten many top Americans and Europeans.



**MADELEINE BERTHOD, SWITZERLAND**

Best of European women in downhill, tied with Lawrence at Stowe International 1955.



**TOM CORCORAN, U.S.**

U.S. giant slalom champion 1955, ranks high in downhill and slalom.



## NORDIC SKIERS



**RUDI MAKI, U.S.**

U.S. jumping champion 1953, headstrongest team of American jumpers ever entered.

**ARVO VITANEN, FINLAND**

Finish 15-, 50-kilometer champion; won 15-kilometer Cortina preview race 1955.



**VLADIMIR KUZIN, RUSSIA**

Soviet cross-country ace (left), won 15-kilometer trial at 1955 Moscow Ski Week.



#### FINNISH JUMPERS

Ossi Laakonen, Antti Hyvärinen, Veikko Heinonen and Johana Harkinen (left to right) scored best jumps at Olympic

Preview jump at Cortina last year, are chief rivals of powerful Norwegian team that has won every Olympic ski jump.

#### LUBOV KOZYREVA, RUSSIA

Russian women's cross-country champion in 1955, took first place in special 10-kilometer event at Cortina last year.



#### SONIA EDSTROM, SWEDEN

Swedish 10-kilometer champion ranks near Countryman Sixten Jernberg as top threat to Russian, Finnish distance stars.



## FIGURE SKATERS



**FRANCES DAFOE, NORRIS BOWDEN, CANADA**

Graceful Toronto couple took world figure-skating pairs title in 1954 and again in 1955, are heavily favored to win the Olympic pairs championship at Cortina.



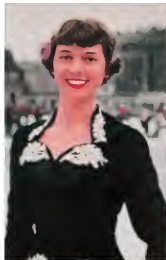
**INGRID WENDT, AUSTRIA**

One of two first-rate Austrian figure skaters, finished fourth in world championship last winter at Vienna.



**HANNA EIBEL, AUSTRIA**

Best Austrian figure skater, came in third behind Tenley Albright and Carol Heiss at Vienna in 1955.



**ERICA BATCHELOR, ENGLAND**

Fifth finisher at 1955 world championships, rated foremost British hope for medal at the Winter Games.



**FIGORELLA NEGRO, ITALY**

Winner of Italian title last season but no real world rating. May have improved sufficiently for medal.



**CAROL HEISS, U.S.**

Runner-up, at age of 15, to Albright in last season's world championships. Excellent in free skating but up to now has been weak in school figures.

## OTHER EVENTS



**YURI SERGHEIEV, RUSSIA**

Won Cortina 500-meter speed skate in 1955, holds the world record for 500.



**ART TYLER, U.S.**

U.S. two-man bobsled champion, won 1955 Olympic trials in four-man sled.

### SWISS BOBSLEDDERS

Driver Franz Kappas, No. 2 Gottfried Diener, No. 3 Robert Alt and Brake Heiri Angst took world four-man championship last season at St. Moritz.



**KITCHENER-WATERLOO DUTCHMEN, CANADA**

Forwards Bob White and Gerry Thiberge and Captain Jark McKenzie (right) are scoring threats on Canadian hockey team which challenges Russians, Czechs for Olympic supremacy.



## OLYMPIC PREVIEW

continued from page 28

continue, plans have been made to move the races into emergency tracks farther up on the mountains. Even the working press is set up as never before, with special headquarters at the Hotel Savoia where a battery of teleprinters connected to every competition ground chatter off each event as it happens.

As for the visiting spectators, they are being accommodated as gracefully as their numbers allow. The town has 55 hotels, many of them already loaded to the guards with athletes and officials. To find room for everyone else, a housing official named Piantonio Caliri has spent months scurrying around the neighboring towns, poking into every attic that could conceivably hold a guest.

"We rang the alarm a year ago," said Caliri. "We warned every athletic club, every tourist agency and every government that it would be difficult to reserve any rooms after June 15. We hope to bring 3,000 more people up from Venice and Bolzano each day, with the first wave rising at 3 a.m. to board their buses. But 3,000 is our limit. We just refuse to do the impossible."

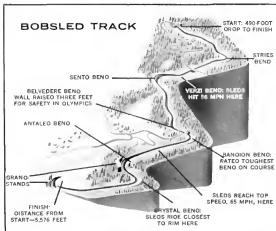
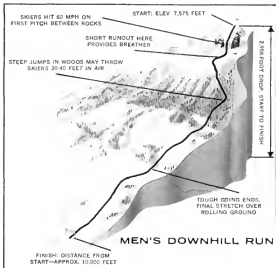
Then, as a salve for those who can't squeeze onto the buses or haven't the fortitude to haul themselves out of bed

For a complete, day-by-day schedule of the Games, see COMING EVENTS, page 69

at 3 a.m., he added, "Don't forget, we have a direct television link too."

Even without the television link, most of the Cortina visitors conceded that Caliri and the rest of the town had, in fact, done the impossible. One providential snowfall would make everything perfect. And there was a fair chance that, as the Games got under way, Cortina would finally get a break in the weather. Another of Italy's mountain resorts, Cervinia, was already hip-deep in snow, a fact the natives gleefully reported in a telegram to the four Cortinese, offering to take a couple of the events off their hands in case the snow ran out altogether.

The possibility that Cortina would have to transfer any races was remote. Other Winter Games, including the 1932 Olympics in Oslo, Norway, had gotten along with the help of strenuous shoveling. St. Moritz in 1928 and Lake Placid in 1932 had their snowless



days and still managed to hold the Games. Cortina was ready to do whatever it had to; but, by all the rules of nature, the valley should expect at least one storm to cover its icy runs.

Nothing else was needed. From the ice stadium to the ski jump, from the communications setup to the fleet of

40 mobile kitchens, Cortina is ready as no mountain town has ever readied itself. As Charles Ornstein, a member of the executive board of the U.S. Olympic Committee, said after a quick tour of inspection, "I'm just amazed. This is the best Olympic layout I've ever seen."

END

## ALPINE SKIING

**THE EVENTS:** Downhill, giant slalom (one run each), slalom (two runs).

**I**N THE WEEKS of preliminaries leading up to the Olympics, the Austrian men's alpine team proved itself the strongest ever sent to a Winter Games. At Wengen, Switzerland, Jan. 7-8, Austrian Toni Sailer whirled down the precipitous Lauberhorn course with ridiculous ease to win the downhill by 1.3 seconds. Right behind him, and almost as stylish, were teammates Josef Riedler—just up from the Austrian junior varsity this fall—and Othmar Schnedner. Anderl Molterer, also of Austria, who last year was considered the finest all-round skier in the world, could do no better than fifth. The following day, however, Molterer took a first in the slalom.

A week later at Kitzbühel, Sailer won both events. But the U.S. team nearly broke the Austrian monopoly when Buddy Werner came in second in the downhill, and Ralph Miller fin-

ished in a tie for fourth. Werner, a fearless acrobat who may win any given race if he stays on his feet, is the skier the Austrians fear most. Miller is given an outside chance in downhill and slalom. Beyond that, there is little chance of anyone upsetting the Austrians, unless Adrien Duvalard (downhill) or François Bonlieu of France, or Chiharu Igaya of Japan, or Viktor Tukanov of Russia (slalom) happen to put together a perfect run.

The prospects in the women's events are jumbled. Madeleine Berthod of Switzerland won the downhill in the warmup at Grindelwald and, barring a fall, she seems a likely winner at Cortina. The slalom and giant slalom are open. Normally Andriia Mead Lawrence would be odds-on in both; but in October she gave birth to her third child, and may not have regained enough strength for more than the slalom. However, she is the roughest competitor in women's skiing today, and because of that, plus her mastery of



HEIDI RIEDLER MAY WIN GOLD MEDAL

technique, she must be rated the most dangerous all-round female skier in the Olympics. The rest of the U.S. women's team is weak, especially since injury to Katy Rodolph.

Behind Mead and Berthod then, the best women are Giuliana Minuzzo-Chenai, Italy; Astrid Sandvik of Norway; and Eugenie Sidorova, Russia, in the slalom, and Thera Hochleitner and Putzi Fraundl, both of Austria, in both slalom and giant slalom.

## NORDIC SKIERS

**THE EVENTS:** Special jumping, each man makes two jumps, is scored on distance and form. Longest jump gets automatic 60 points with others graded accordingly. Maximum points for form on one jump total 60, with emphasis on take-off, body position, ski position and landing. **Cross-country:** 10-kilometer (women), 15-kilometer (special men), 15-kilometer relay (women), 40-kilometer (men), 40-kilometer relay (men), 50-kilometer (men). **Nordic combined** includes nordic jump and 15-kilometer cross-country. Only one gold medal is given for combined, and to qualify, contestants must enter both nordic events. Each man makes three jumps with two best jumps—second same as special jump—counting toward final score. Fastest time in cross-country gets 240 points, with runners-up graded accordingly. Combined winner determined by adding cross-country and jumping points.

**F**INLAND and Russia look the strongest on the basis of pre-Olympic performances. The nordic men of both countries have taken an appalling dose of practice. The Finns, for example,

have run up to 1,000 kilometers in training, and each of their jumpers has made 400 practice leaps. As a result, men like Antti Hyarvinen and Aulis Kalakorpi have consistently outleaped all others in practice. Koba Tsokadze of Russia has made two or three long jumps; but after watching him thud to the ground in one formless landing, Hyarvinen remarked tersely, "He has much to learn."

The Norwegians, who have had little opportunity to practice, are nevertheless a threat with Arfinn Bergmann and Simon Slattvik. Max Bolker of Germany may take a bronze.

The U.S. jumpers, especially veteran Art Devlin, are jumping better than ever before, but not as far as the Finns.

The 50-kilometer cross-country looks like a battle among Vladimir Kusin and Fiodor Terentiev of Russia, and Veikko Hakulinen and Arvo Viitanen of Finland. In the shorter events the Finns are slightly stronger, and Sweden's Sixten Jernberg has an excellent



ART DEVLIN LOOKED BEST ON U.S. TEAM

chance in the 15-kilometer. The women's events will probably be a Russian sweep, with Lubov Komreva and Rosa Erochina one-two in the 10-kilometer, and the Russian girls' team of three winning the 15-kilometer relay.

In the combined, Norway is a distinct favorite, Sverre Steenerson is the best bet for first place, but three of his countrymen—Gunder Gunderson, Arne Barhaugen or Kjetil Mardalsh—could take it away from him.



## FIGURE SKATING

**THE EVENTS:** Singles, pairs. Singles for both men and women are scored in two sections—school figures and free skating. Five school figures (outside counter, forward double 3 change double 3, inside rocker, forward loop change loop, back bracket change bracket) for Olympics were chosen months ago. However, foot on which figures must be performed will not be designated until night before events begin. Each school figure is given degree-of-difficulty factor, and scored from 0 to 6. Thus, if a skater scores 5 on a figure with factor 3, his score will be 15, i.e., product of multiplying score 5 times factor 3. School figures count for approximately 60% of total score. Free skating, in which each contestant is allowed five minutes to skate his own program of leaps and whirled set to music of his own choice, counts for the remaining 40%. Scoring is again from 0 to 6, with two marks given—one for content, one for manner of performance. Factor is arrived at by complicated process which, for Olympics, turns out to be 6.1. Thus, highest possible free-skating score at Cortina is 73.2. Pair skating, exclusively a free program, is also judged on composition and performance.

**T**HERE is no good reason why the U.S. should not sweep the first three places in men's singles. Hayes Jenkins, who comes close to perfection in school figures, won the world championship at Vienna last year, and has worked out a free-skating program with plenty of drive and movement to fit the big rink at Cortina. Second at Vienna was Ronnie Robertson, whose terrific triple axel (3½ revolutions in one jump), established him as a jumper superior to the 1932 Olympic champion, Dick Button, since retired. Hayes's brother Dave Jenkins was then and still is third best in the world.

In women's skating there never has been anyone who balanced original, interpretive free skating with precise school figures as well as Tenley Albright. Moreover, the flesh cut she received when she fell in practice seems to have healed well, and by Feb. 2 she should be the Olympic champion. Some experts consider pretty Carol Heiss as good a free skater as Tenley;



RONNIE ROBERTSON HAS A CHANCE FOR UPSET

but it is doubtful if even the 3½ hours per day Miss Heiss has worked on school figures over the past five months has made her as good all around as the world champion. There is even a chance that she has not improved enough to stand off a silver-medal challenge by Austria's Ingrid Wendl or Hanna Eigel.

The pairs title is almost a toss-up between Norris Bowden and Francis Daffoe of Canada and Kurt Oppelt and Susy Schwarz, Austria.

## BOBSLEDDING

**THE EVENTS:** Two-man, four-man sleds, winner in each to be decided by best total time over four heats.

**L**AST WINTER Switzerland's Franz Kapus and Fritz Feierabend dominated the world championships in St. Moritz. As a result of their performance, it looked as though the Olympic bobsledding would be little more than a formality. This idea received further emphasis when Stanley Benham, who had been America's No. 1 driver for years, was handed a three-year suspension for pulling out of the four-man event the year before.

Since then, however, enough has happened to throw the competition wide open. First of all, Art Tyler, a 40-year-old research scientist for Eastman Kodak, developed a sled with flexible steel tubing to replace the conventional rigid oak frames and specially curved runners that give him maximum bite on curves and minimum friction on straightaways. Using such a

sled at the Olympic tryouts at Lake Placid last year, Tyler smashed the course record and emerged as the new top man in U.S. bobsledding. Bud Washbond of East Hartford, Conn. won the two-man race in the same meet. In the warmups at Cortina both men have posted impressive times.

Kapus, of course, is the man Tyler will have to beat at Cortina. Feierabend, winner of six world titles since 1939, will be missing. Two weeks before the Games, Feierabend came down with a stomach ailment and was ordered by doctors to skip the Olympics.

The Feierabend sled, however, will be present at Cortina. At the end of last year's world meet, Germany bought the sled, and thus has a fine vehicle for its two highly rated drivers, Franz Schelle and Lorenz Nieberl.

There is a third factor, besides driving skill and the speed of the sled, which bears on the outcome of a bobsled race. That is familiarity with the run. In this respect the visiting drivers



EUGENIO MONTI DRIVES ON HIS HOME COURSE

are almost unanimous in picking Eugenio Monti as the winner of the two-man event. The Cortina run is Monti's home track. He has been running it for three weeks and, according to Art Tyler, "Each practice run means a second on us." It is unlikely, however, that either Monti or his fellow driver, Guglielmo Scheidegger, knows their own run well enough to beat the sleds or the skill that Kapus and Tyler have brought to the four-man race.

## SPEED SKATING

**THE EVENTS:** 500-meter, 1,500-meter, 5,000-meter, 10,000-meter. Skaters compete in pairs, racing against clock. Halfway through race, they switch lanes so neither has inside advantage. Final outcome of each event decided when last pair has finished and fastest individual time from the various heats can be determined.

ON JAN. 18-21 at Davos, Switzerland, where the diamond-hard ice with its oily surface is almost identical to the track at Olympic Lake Masurina, the Russians put on an awesome display. In the 500-meter event they finished first, second, third, seventh and eighth. In the 1,500-meter they came in first, third, fourth, sixth and seventh. The winner, Yuri Mikhailov, set a new world record for the distance. In the 5,000-meter, there were Russians in the first, fourth and seventh positions. In the 10,000-meter they fell down slightly, placing only third and seventh; but there was a feeling among the skaters and coaches of other nations that the Soviets simply chose

not to exhaust themselves in a pre-Olympic test as long as that final event.

All this happened only a week before the Games. Just to prove it was no accident, Evgeny Grishin skimmed over Lake Masurina next day for a new world record, not yet officially sanctioned, in the 500-meter.

There is no mystery as to why the Russians are so good. From training, their thigh muscles are so developed that the skaters appear bowlegged. When a Russian skater practices he wears an outfit with white markers on the cap, shoulder, hip, thigh and lower leg. Movies of his practice runs show whether the markers move harmoniously or in time-wasting jerks. All this may add up to too much discipline for a free-world skater; but at Cortina it adds up to Olympic medals.

Outside of the Russians, the most likely-looking medal candidate is Helmut Kuhnert, 19, of East Germany. Kuhnert won the 10,000 at Davos, and won it impressively, even if someone



HJALMAR ANDERSEN MAY WIN ANOTHER

was leading. Another threat is Hjalmar Andersen of Norway, who swept three gold medals in 1952, and appeared to be skating well in warmups. Toivo Salonen and Juhani Jaervinen of Finland, and Sigge Ericsson, Sweden, are silver-medal candidates in the 1,500.

The American chances can be summed up by pointing out that three U.S. skaters broke their own national records in the Davos 1,500-meter, and none finished higher than 29th.

## ICE HOCKEY

**THE EVENTS:** The 16 teams at Cortina are divided into three brackets. Poland, Czechoslovakia and the U.S. are in one bracket; Canada, Austria, Germany and Italy in another; Russia, Switzerland and Sweden in the last. Each team plays all others in its group. Then, top two teams in each bracket advance to playoffs.

IN PAST OLYMPICS, Canada has won six of the seven gold medals and scored the staggering total of 491 goals to her opponents' 34. However, that was in the days before Russia turned seriously to ice hockey. To win this time, the Canadians will have to beat a Russian team that won the world title in 1954 and swept to the finals of last year's world meet before losing 5-0 to another Canadian team, the Penitents Vees, who are amateur only in the Canadian-hockey sense of the word.

In Canada, a hockey amateur is someone who hasn't played professionally for some time, or makes enough money by passing the hat after local games to avoid being tempted by the

more competitive risks of the pro circuits. Thus, any Canadian optimism must be tempered by the fact that this year's team, the Kitchener-Waterloo Dutchmen, are probably not as strong as the Vees, and that they were made weaker by having to drop two defensemen who were not Olympic amateurs.

Nevertheless, the bruising, goal-rushing Canadian offense may very well upset the precise, light-skating Russians. And if there were was money circulating around Cortina, it would probably be on Canada.

As for the U.S., it has the strongest team it has ever sent to a Winter Games. Three talented forward lines, centered by Bill Cleary of Harvard, Johnny Maysich of the University of Minnesota and Johnny Matchett of the University of Michigan, give the American squad scoring punch. Goalie Don Rigazio, a noncollegian from Cambridge, Mass., was the only American picked on last year's all-world amateur team, an honor he collected by



GOALIE DON RIGAZIO BATES BEST AT CORTINA

stopping some 86 shots in a game with the Canadians. However, the fact that the Americans have played together only since Dec. 15 virtually guarantees that they cannot win a gold medal.

Their competition for third place will come from Czechoslovakia, whose fast skaters will be helped by the extra-large rink at Cortina, and from Sweden, whose young forwards have done handsomely in warmups against the Russians. (K.H.O.)



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# THE EMBATTLED WORLD of AVERY BRUNDAGE

by ROBERT CREAMER

IN THE EVENT that you are trying to pinpoint in your mind the things you should remember about Avery Brundage, the strong-faced gentleman pictured on the opposite page, he is the black villain who, in his 24-year reign as president of the U.S. Olympic Association, threw Swimmer Eleanor Holm off the 1936 U.S. Olympic team in midocean for sipping champagne, who cold-heartedly took a new automobile away from the pretty Canadian figure skater, Barbara Ann Scott, who ruthlessly declared Jesse Owens a professional, who peremptorily suspended Babe Didrikson, who publicly chastised Charley Paddock, who refused to allow European countries to reimburse their athletes for the regular salaries they lost when they were away from their jobs competing at the Olympic Games. You may have heard him described as Slavery Avery, a man with a discomfiting aura, or as a man who looks comfortable in a high, stiff collar, or as a man wearing a slightly stuffed shirt.

Whatever you've heard or read over the years about Avery Brundage, the chances are excellent that your present opinion of him is not one of unshakable adoration and that your emotional reaction to the sight of his picture or the sound of his name does not, by a goodly margin, come up to the level of even mild affection. In short, Avery Brundage is not very, very popular.

"I am aware of this," Brundage said recently in Chicago, "but I am not greatly disturbed by it."

The implacable Mr. Brundage, who is now the most powerful man in sport,

in 1952 became president of the International Olympic Committee, a position which actually has no counterpart in the world but would be roughly analogous to that of president of the United Nations, if there were such a powerful office in the U.N., and if the U.N. exercised absolute power over world affairs.

He was sitting sideways to his desk, looking out the window of his 18th floor office in the La Salle Hotel, his hands comfortably clasped over his abdomen, his thumbs tapping noiselessly together.

Abruptly, he spun his brown-leather swivel chair back to his broad, leather-inlaid desk and looked up truculently, his lips pursed.

"Why should I be?" he demanded. "A newspaperman wakes up in the morning with a headache—" He paused, lowered his head slightly and looked out over the top of his glasses, his lips relaxing into a small, amused smile. "Or a hangover." He paused again, to let that sink in, and then went on: "and he has a story to write. What's easier to write than a story about something that so-and-so Avery Brundage has done?"

He turned again to the window, but as he did he waved his immense hand at a stack of scrapbooks piled haphazardly on his desk and at others on a nearby table and still others in disarray on the floor.

"All those things are there. But there are other things, too. Things that mean something to a man. The opinions of people whose opinions he respects. Here."

He arose and came around the desk,

a big man, big through the chest, big through the shoulders, a big head, a big jaw, big hands, big fingers. And yet he moved lightly and gracefully, like an athlete, not at all the way a man of 68 is supposed to move.

"Here," he said, opening a scrapbook. He peered at the book, turning the pages slowly. "Here." His heavy fingers thudded on a letter of praise from an Olympic Committeeman. "Here." They thudded again on a citation from the city of Santa Barbara, California—where Brundage has a home—for "outstanding civic contribution," and again on an award from Northwestern University for "a lifetime of distinguished service."

There were newspaper clippings, too. His fingers tapped one from the *Chicago Sun* headed: BRUNDAGE TAKES IT—FOR NOTHING, TOO! CHIEF ABUSED BUT SELDOM WRONG, and another, a column by the veteran *Detroit News* sportswriter, H. G. Salinger, praising Brundage, and another, by the Scripps-Howard sports editor, Joe Williams, headed: WHAT'S THIS? A KIND WORD FOR BRUNDAGE?

He continued to flip slowly through the scrapbooks, glancing briefly over each page. The clippings in the scrapbook were by no means unanimous in praise of Brundage. Many were harshly critical. One, for instance, described him as "a sanctimonious snob with a long record of asinine antics." Brundage chuckled.

"That's pretty good," he said. "Oh, I don't blame the newspaper men for writing what they do. It doesn't bother

continued on page 66

BRUNDAGE IS PHOTOGRAPHED WITH OLYMPIC POSTER AND MEDALS HE WON AS ATHLETE AND OFFICIAL

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SIEGEL



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

# DAWN TO DUSK AT ARCADIA

SANTA ANITA PARK occupies 400 acres on the edge of the foothills of the lofty Sierra Madre range at Arcadia in southern California. For all its recognition as a site of immense and moving scenic beauty and its reputation for efficiency and trackside luxury, Santa Anita is, nonetheless, first and foremost a race track. It has a cycle of daily life much the same as that of tracks as far removed from Santa Anita's \$100,000 stakes as Santa Anita is from the \$1,000 claiming race. The day, as it does at every track, begins early. The dawn's first light finds exercise boys taking their horses out for workouts against a backdrop of palm trees and forbidding mountains. It is now that the rhythm of Santa Anita begins, slowly at first, then faster.



## EARLY REVERIE

The cafeteria in the stable area has gallons of coffee for all track hands. It also serves as the perfect informal conference room where the oldtime owner-trainer can, during a quick breakfast snack, discuss the morning workouts with his exercise boys.



## PEOPLE—IN SOLITUDE AND MULTITUDE

There won't be a race till one p.m., but dedicated track fans like to be early. At first they come in small numbers, like the first two to take their





*pioneer steps across the grandstand's mosaic inlay tile shortly before noon. They are followed by literate ladies seeking quiet and a place to study the intricate mysteries of the Daily Racing*



*Form. Here, too, are the first to occupy the reserved seats—also men and women of learning before the first test of judgment. By middle of the afternoon elbows are a close common denominator.*

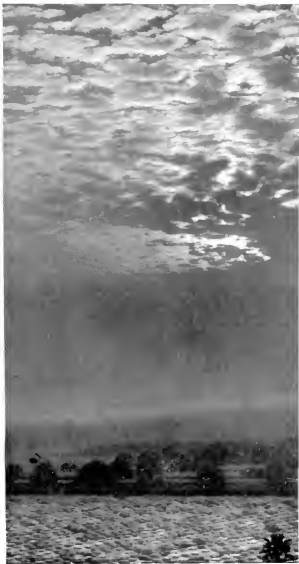


## END OF THE DAY

Illuminated tote board, for the seventh time during the day, records the wagers of the stands; by day's end nearly \$2 million will pass through the betting windows. The grandstand area,



chartered with crowds all afternoon, lies littered with the wreckage of a day's programs, papers and stubs in a scene reminiscent of the floor of the stock exchange on a hectic day. Before the



crowd streams out to the motorized geometry of the parking lot, rosy sunset and rising smog offer a choice of aerial symbolism reflecting alternative views of each man's betting day.

# ski

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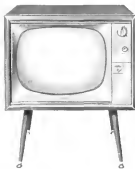


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## WICKET MEN

continued from page 25

When you're three-ball dead, you're just a useless bum."

"In golf you don't need intellect at all," offered Swope, "just a swing, no intellect as far as I can see."

"In croquet," exclaimed Zanuck, "you have to have intellect, a helluvan intellect."

"My old man and Woolcott stopped talking for a long time over a fight they had on the croquet field," added Swope.

"Darryl used to play polo," quickly noted Harry Brand. "He quit polo for croquet."

"I quit polo because they made me—the insurance and those things," corrected Zanuck. "I rode No. 1."

And the No. 1 puffed moodily on his cigar for a moment.

"Croquet can be fun, ton," he continued after a long silence. "It's not always absolutely serious. When we get someone new down at my place in Palm Springs, we always give him 'the ball.' This is a ball which looks just like every other ball except you can't hit the damn thing straight. You absolutely cannot hit it straight. We gave Romanoff one once that was painted just like a grapefruit. Then he hit it under a tree with a lot of real grapefruit lying around. He went around there for 20 minutes whacking the hell out of ripe grapefruit. He was absolutely drenched in grapefruit juice."

"Then there's 'the mallet.' It's my personal mallet, I tell Romanoff, and I want him to have it because it's so delicately balanced it will make a crack player out of him—finest wood from the Himalayas and absolutely without price. Only for God's sake, under no circumstances is he to throw it or lay it down hard or do anything like that. It's perfectly balanced, you understand."

"Well, of course, it's a breakaway mallet and along about the third swing, the thing falls into splints. Of course the boob is white-faced and I'm having a stroke. I fall to the ground and wail, 'Oh, my God, it's irreparable. The mallet's irreparable.'"

And with that—unsmiling, cigar clenched between his teeth—the old No. 1 rose abruptly, snatched his sawed-off polo mallet off the coat tree and strode out the door to face the more pressing problems of Sherree North's cleavage in *The Lieutenant Wore Skirts* and the grosses on *The View from Pompey's Head*, each of which, in its own way, is as complicated as croquet.

END

# SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

## EAST

**Cannon Mt., N.H.:** Area had its biggest crowd in history last weekend as skiers bypassed snow-covered spots farther south to converge here. With middle T-bar closed, there was up to a two-hour wait on tramway lift. Sking on upper slopes was fair. Sking on lower slopes was good. LS 3 to 26, US 3 to 36, TD 10, TW 0, CD 1,970, CW 3,860.

**Eastern Slope Region, N.H.:** At Mt. Cranmore north and south slopes had poor skiing over weekend. Rest of area closed LS 0 to 3, TD 2, CD 75, CW 300. Thru Mt., Black Mt., Intervale closed. Lower Sherburne in Pinkham North open.

**Bethune, N.H.:** Only low rope ran last weekend LS 2, US 2, CW 300.

**Stowe, Vt.:** Fair to poor skiing last weekend with best sking on Standard, Tynel and Sterling runs. Some late opens and ice. Earl Sturges of Dartmouth won Victor Constant combined. Bumped ski popular in races. LS 14, US 16, TD 6, CD 400, CW 1,300. Cl.: Nose Dive, National, Memorial, North Slope, Main Street.

**Mad River Glen, Vt.:** Lower half of mountain offered good skiing. Chocoma was best over weekend. Regular after-school heels here are the all-weather leather type. LS 2 to 11, US 26, TD 5, CD 50, CW 450. Cl.: Upper trails.

**ML Snow, Vt.:** Upper lift opened for first weekend, with slopes hard and icy. LS 2 to 10, US 8 to 20, CW 200.

**Balslake, N.Y.:** Slopes and trails were all open last weekend and drew skiers from less fortunate areas in the East. Sking was fair. Cortina ski drawing favorable comment from experts in area using them. LS 3 to 11, US 3 to 11, TD 6, TW 1, CD 300, CW 6,000.

**Whitetail Mt., N.Y.:** Upper tow open, with good sking on upper slopes. Lower T-bar open, but upper half lower trails not skiable last weekend. LS 3 to 7, US 15 to 20, TD 1, TW 2.

**Lake Placid, N.Y.:** All lifts operating. Poma lift at Old Mac Donalds, free for all school children during week, also last night sking party under lights with outdoor meat for Lake Placid Ski Club. LS 4, US 8 to 12.

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes; US—depth of snow on upper slopes; TD—total snowfall during the week days; TW—total snowfall during the weekend; CD—crowd during the week; CW—crowd during the weekend; CL—closed lifts, trails or slopes

**Snow Ridge, N.Y.:** Ice restricted open slope sking during week, but trails had good sking. N.Y. State alpine championships here Jan. 25-29. LS 5, US 26, TW 3, CW 740.

**Laurel Mt., Pa.:** First crowd of season last weekend with Dream Highway drawing most skiers. All slopes open. LS 5 to 24, US 5 to 25, TD 12, TW 0, CW 2,300.

**West Virginia:** At Cabin Mt. LS 15, US 47. At Weiss Knob LS 24, US 24, CW 100. At Chestnut Ridge LS 15, US 15, CW 125. At Terra Alta LS 17, US 40, CW 30.

**Mt. Tremblant, Que.** Midweek fall of powder offered good skiing. Some rocks sking. Weather has been mild. LS 6 to 15, US 10 to 20, TD 6, TW 0, CD 200, CW 200. Cl.: Tashereau, Ryans Run, St. Bernard, Devils River slopes.

**Lac Beauport, Que.:** No lifts operating last weekend.

**Mt. Jasper, Que.:** Sking good, all lifts operating. LS 15, US 27, TD 5, CD 500, CW 1,000.

## MIDWEST

**Rib Mt., Wis.:** Midweek snowfall put trails back into operation. Best sking on main slope. LS 6 to 8, US 4 to 6, TD 4, CD 300, CW 900.

**Terry Peak, S. Dak.:** Chair lift back in operation. LS 10, US 14, TD 2, TW 4, CW 500.

**Bayne Mt., Mich.:** All slopes open, excellent sking. Night ice fishing a popular after-ski sport in area. LS 2 to 10, US 11 to 14, TD 2, TW 3, CD 150, CW 300.

**Sheltered Valley, Wis.:** Powder sking here last weekend. LS 2 to 16, US 8 to 12, TD 4.

## WEST

**Bentl, Ariz.:** All slopes packed after heavy snow. Sking good to excellent with North American trail best. Head ski very popular here. One local dealer has sold 399 pairs. LS 25, US 42, CD 1,300.

**Sun Valley, Idaho:** Good sking on all slopes and trails. Dr. Rudy US 73. Room House 47. Dollar 33, Valley floor 23. TD 9, TW 2.

**Aspen, Colo.:** Sking best of year with clouds of powder or parked runs. Winterfest festival crowds elected Carol Peck of St. Paul as queen. Can ski making a noticeable showing in area. LS 15 to 26, US 40 to 45, TD 2, CD 250, CW 450.

**Aspenize Basin, Colo.:** Light storms left area with excellent sking. Dynalogs and Hart ski seen frequently here. LS 9 to 17, US 37 to 64, TD 10, TW 2, CD 150, CW 400.

**Winter Park, Colo.:** Mulligan's Mile Little Pierre have excellent sking after week-long snow flurries. Bridge and Bradley's Bush trails widened and smoothed by area crews. Sun Road 48, Midway 36, Bottom 24, CD 750, CW 2,400.

**Alta, Utah:** Storms have left area with deep powder. On lift runs are packed. LS 106, US 109, TD 26, TW 2, CD 800, CW 2,000.

**Brighton, Utah:** Fine powder sking on face of Mt. Silverton. LS 99, US 119, TD 10, TW 2, CD 2,500, CW 5,000.

**Snow King, Wyo.:** Excellent sking for the amateur high school meet. Dave Hotta of McCall, Idaho, and Lewis Werner, Steamboat Springs, Col. were winners. LS 16 to 20, US 30 to 38, TD 7, CW 1, CD 300, CW 500.

**Santa Fe, N. Mex.:** Five days of snow brought excellent sking here. Road open, but clouds needed. LS 15 to 20, US 20 to 30, TD 12, TW 3, CD 200, CW 1,000.

## FAR WEST

**Grouse Mt., B.C.:** Warm weather caused alternate rain and snow, left mountains with wet cover. Roy McConnell of Free Ski Club won Kangaroo race last weekend. Reversible GI parka considered fine heavy weather gear for chair-lift riding here. LS 48 to 74, US 74 to 95, TD 13, TW 4, CD 150, CW 2,400.

**Mt. Baker, Wash.:** Rains have kept skiers to parked trails. Chase Trail closed indefinitely. LS 160, TD 50, CW 1,400.

**Mt. Hood, Ore.:** At Timberline heavy rain cut snow cover to point where stumps and rocks are beginning to show. Sking between rain bursts continues fair. LS 130, US 150, TD 8, TW 2, CD 350, CW 1,000.

**Sugar Bowl, Calif.:** Good sking on all trails. Downhill only of Wengen here Jan. 28. Growing Ziperke ski race with hatwag skiers getting popular in area. LS 114, US 225, TD 18, TW 6, CD 50, CW 1,300.

**Squaw Valley, Calif.:** Rain left lower trails very wet. Overall sking only fair last weekend. Tight-binding skull caps being worn over head bands by men skiers at area. LS 50, US 95, TD 6, CD 50, CW 400.

**Mt. Baldy, Calif.:** No sking here last weekend.

# SKI TIP

by SEPP RUSCHP

President, Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc.

WHILE FRIEDL PFEIFER SEES OUR TEAM THROUGH THE OLYMPICS, STOWE'S SKIEMEISTER TAKES OVER WITH ADVICE ON SKING BUMPS



SEPP RUSCHP

Faced with a large, unavoidable bump, the reaction of the average beginner is to stiffen and ride over the top, straight-legged, with the result that he often gets tossed in the air. Or he may try to ease over it in a traverse with the equally unfortunate result that the upper ski slides across the lower.

The correct way to take a bump is to come at it fairly straight, staying relaxed so the skis rise and fall under you while the path of your upper body remains at a relatively constant level. You should bend at

the knees and hips, not at the waist. Attention must be paid to keeping the skis together, for any bump will tend to split them.

If the beginner or intermediate skier is faced with a series of rolling bumps, it may be necessary for him to turn on one or two of them in order to keep his speed down. The best way is to start your turn as the tips of your skis hit the top of the bump and to swing through the turn on the crest. Then be sure to bring your weight forward quickly to maintain proper angle with your skis on the down side of the bump. Since

the tail of the ski is relatively pressure-free as you pass the crest, the turn may be completed with a minimum of body swing.

Frequent and adroit use of your poles is a great help in keeping your balance through a series of bumps.

If you are having trouble taking bumps even using these techniques, it may be that your skis are too stiff. A medium flexible ski is a great advantage on uneven ground.

With the right skis and the correct approach, even steep bumps should give you little trouble.

## HEAVYWEIGHT FLOYD PATTERSON

*continued from page 21*

world. His uncle, Charley Brown, was a fighter. His oldest brother, Billy (now retired with a detached retina—and a better man), was a middleweight with a tremendous punch. His second brother, Frank, was an amateur heavyweight. Floyd climbed the stairs almost as a matter of course. He was told the rules which have applied at the gym for almost 20 years. "I let any boy come in here and train," says D'Amato. "It costs them nothing. We teach them. They don't have to fight. But if they do, then they're my fighters. I'm like a prospector and here is where I look for gold—for a fellow like Floyd."

"Let me tell you about these boys. Maybe a boy has the stomach for fighting but he's scared when he climbs those stairs. He's scared when he gets into the ring too—nobody can get into a ring the first time with another man across from him and not be scared. The boy knows he is scared, but he thinks the other fighter is not afraid and so he believes the other fighter is made of different flesh. I tell these boys all that. I tell them that fear is useful—fear gives a deer extra strength to escape a hunter. But the fighter must not run. He must learn to control his emotions and he must go forward—attack. He must be a soldier and obey his manager's orders no matter how dangerous they are. I'll tell you where a fighter gets tired—in his head, in his brain. The thing that makes him tired is fear. A fighter is always tired when he has been hit hard; he cannot admit to himself that he is afraid and so he tells himself he is tired. But if he begins hitting the other fellow he gets a resurgence of strength. He is not tired any more. So he must know himself, control himself."

"There are five places you can be hurt in the ring. On each side of the jaw, in the pit of the stomach—the solar plexus—and the liver, here on each side just above your belt. The worst is the liver; the pain is excruciating. The next worst is the solar plexus; the diaphragm is paralyzed and you cannot breathe. I remember when I was first hit in the solar plexus I thought I was dying. It sounds funny but I could not breathe any more and I could see matches burning in the dark outside the ring where everyone was lighting cigarettes and it looked like funeral candles. But I kept circling and finally I got a little breath and after that I was not afraid when I got hit there. A fighter learns to be hit.

The easiest place in the jaw—it does not really hurt; it is more of a shock.

"I tell boys all this—just like I told Floyd. They must have confidence, and I show them how to avoid being hit in these places. A fighter must keep his hands high. He must keep the right hand near his chin and his elbow down where it can guard his body. He must keep his chin behind the left shoulder and the head tilted a little so blows will glance off his temple. Now he is guarded from punches on either side. For the jab he must learn to duck, to slip. This sounds simple—it is simple, but it is not simple to do under pressure and some fighters never learn. But I first teach the posture of defense. Then I teach a boy to fight out of the posture of defense."

### INVIGORATING DISCOVERY

Floyd Patterson, who was a tall, skinny welterweight at 15, had hardly begun to acquire all these necessary reflexes—in fact he had hardly learned to do anything but keep his hands up near his face in moments of peril—when he made a tremendously invigorating discovery. He had his first fight as a subovice in the Golden Gloves. He was sick with nervousness when he climbed into the ring but after less than a round of wild flailing he knocked out a sailor whose name he has forgotten but whose weight (147) he still recalls. "I was surprised," he says. "I hit him and he fell down. I thought it was a lot harder to knock somebody out. I used to see lots of shoot-'em-up movies and those cowboys used to hit each other with their fists and break chairs over each other's heads and fall over the table and never seemed to get hurt. But it was easy."

This made him a more difficult student—"It's awful," says D'Amato, "trying to convince a fighter he has made a mistake if he does not get hit doing it"—but it gave him a sudden feeling that the world was his to conquer. It also taught him that the other fellow seldom hits you while you are hitting him. He lost three amateur fights in the months that followed, but he learned: "This fellow had me on the ropes and he was hitting me and the lights started to go dim and I couldn't hear the crowd any more. Then I remembered that if a fellow's hitting you in the head you must throw a flurry to his belly. I did and he backed up and I knocked him out." After two years and two score of fights

Patterson found himself at Helsinki, Finland, wearing the blue blazer of the U.S. Olympic team.

"I didn't know what to expect," he says. "But when we went into the Olympic Village the Russian boxing team was all lined up, standing in their blue sweat-shirts. They had an instructor standing in front of them. He would holler an order and throw a jab at the air. Then they would all jab. He'd throw a right. They'd all throw a right. After that I didn't worry, except the sun stayed up so long I couldn't sleep good." Patterson, who now weighed 160 pounds, fought as a "heavy" middleweight (there are two Olympic middleweight divisions, one with a limit of 156 pounds, another with a limit of 165). One boxer, a Frenchman of excessive caution, stayed upright for three rounds, but he all but decimated a Rumanian, a Dutchman and a Russian. He was fully as sensational when he mounted a dash to receive the victory award—he put one hand on his stomach, the other against his back, and gave the crowd a deep dancing-school bow.

A few days later, back in New York, he turned professional and was sent to Trainer Dan Florio at Stillman's Gym for advanced instruction. "He had to learn everything," says Florio. "His stance. He fought with his legs too far apart. He hopped around all the time. He'd jump like a kangaroo and throw a right. He didn't keep his hands up. But he was born to fight and he could punch and he was strong as a horse. He was easy to train." Few present-day fighters have been brought along as shrewdly and cautiously as Patterson. "I never let him fight anybody at first that one of my other fighters hadn't tried out," says D'Amato. "I had to know the opponent's ceiling of performance."

"You must take a young fighter from peak to peak. First four-rounders. Then sixes. You must test him and then wear him and give him something harder and then wear him again. Some fighters slip back on you. Put them in fours and they're fine. Put them in sixes and they fall apart on you and you must start all over again. But Floyd never slipped back. It was hard getting fights for him. When he came back from Europe people said, 'You'll never get anywhere with that boy.' They meant he was too tough. He'd knock you out with either hand. Would you put your young fighter in with him? But I kept calling him a light heavyweight and that way we got middleweights. He looked big;

they thought he'd be weak at 160 pounds, but he could make it easy."

#### THE OBSTACLE COURSE

"I also made a deal with Emil Lence at a clam bake over in Jersey. Emil Lence is a dress manufacturer, and he promoted Eastern Parkway Arena in Brooklyn. I told Emil I could make him the biggest man in boxing. I said Mike Jacobs got there because he had Joe Louis and he rose with the fighter. 'I have such a fighter,' I told him. Naturally he was interested. We fought for Eastern Parkway until they lost their television contract and closed up and so we got dates there and I got the right to pick the opponent. Even so I was careful, very careful. Some matchmakers, after a fighter has won four or five times, want to put him in against a fighter who will beat him. Destroy him! Not because the matchmaker is vicious, but because it is his business to make exciting fights. I turned down many opponents for Floyd when he was coming up; but I also had to pick some very tough opponents—tough for his stage of development at the time—that I believed he could beat. A fighter must surmount obstacles, he must reach peaks or he will never grow. I made some mistakes too—but Floyd saved me."

In the three years and four months of his professional career Patterson has fought a good share of "name" fighters. But the two fights he considers his hardest, the two he thinks of as milestones, were against relative mediocrities—Dick Wagner, a crude, hard-hitting light heavyweight from Toppenish, Wash., and Esau Ferdinand, a rough 175-pounder from California.

"Dick Wagner hurt me," he says. "I'd only been a pro seven months then. He could punch. He hit me in the body, hit me in the body. Every round he hit me in the body. I kept thinking he would switch to the head, I kept waiting for him to bring them up. But he never did. They say, 'Beat the body and the head must die.' I guess that's what he was thinking. Fourth round, he got me in a corner and beat me. I could hear people hollering, 'He's out on his feet!' I thought I was—I learned then not to listen to the crowd. When I came back to the corner Cus just said: 'If you're going to be the champion go out there and fight like a champion.' I got the decision, but I couldn't eat for three days—just a little soup."

"Esau Ferdinand was different. He walked out in the first round and hit me in the eye with a left hook. I couldn't see for a minute, so I went

close to him. I didn't want him to know. But I couldn't do anything with him. He hulled me in the clinches. Kept on bullying me in the clinches all through the fight. He'd get me close and hit me and say nasty things to me. I was a hover up until then. I couldn't fight inside. He'd say, 'Why don't you punch me, why don't you punch me?' I got the decision, but the next morning I went to the gym and I started trying to learn to fight inside—get my feet on the floor and slug."

Patterson fought return engagements with both Wagner and Ferdinand. Wagner was so badly damaged after the second fight that he retired from the ring. Ferdinand was hattered too—Patterson fought him close and inside all the way. "Box him, box him," growled D'Amato. "Want to hear him his way," said Patterson. "He didn't say anything to me in the second fight," says Patterson, somberly. "In the tenth round I said something to him. I said, 'Why don't you punch me?' He didn't say anything. Then I knocked him out."

Patterson does not consider his losing battle with Joey Maxim a hard one. In fact, he still grows indignant at the decision. "He's the only fighter that never hurt me once." But at the same time he is still full of respect for the ex-champion; he has run and rerun the kinescope of the Maxim fight so often

that the film is faded and worn. "Every time I look at it I see him doing something to me I didn't know about," he says. "Look at the dinky little jab. You can't feel it. Now look at his head. He carries it wrong. That head is up there looking around all the time, looking around all the time. Looks as though you could knock it right off his shoulders. But now watch—see he pushes me off balance with the jab. Touches me. I can't hit him."

"Look at me struggling in the clinches," he cries in horror. "Watch Maxim. Look at him layin' on me. I'm struggling and he's resting. He can do that to you seven different ways. Look at me go under the jab. Got my left a foot from his belly. But I don't hit him. Too busy hopping around. I don't do that any more. But now I'm hitting him. He takes a good punch, but I'm hitting him. I should have won that fight."

To save his soul after watching the Maxim film he runs the kinescope of his fight with Don Grant, a fast and able young light heavyweight from Los Angeles who many believed could beat him. "He should have boxed me," he says. "He was fast. But they sent him out to fight inside and he didn't know how. It shows you shouldn't plan your fight before you start fighting. I was going to box him, but when he started fighting inside I did too—if I hadn't

*continued on next page*



BROAD-SHOULDERED PATTERSON, A MAN IN WAITING, SPENDS RAINY DAY IN BROOKLYN

# FLOYD PATTERSON

continued from page 53

he would have been the aggressor. See—he's holding his arms crosswise, trying to be like Archie Moore. So I just went over and under and I punched faster than he did." The Grant fight, held only seven months after he fought Maxim, was a revelation; in that short time Patterson had refined and simplified his style, stopped his wasteful bobbing and jumping and turned himself into a terrifyingly efficient instrument of attack. Grant ended up sitting on the canvas with his back against a ringpost in the fifth round, a wrecked and senseless man. He was, in a sense, a sort of ceremonial sacrifice; the fight dramatized Patterson's present estate as a main-event light heavy-weight who can fight a great percentage of the men in both upper divisions "for breakfast, lunch and dinner."

For any fighter, however, the road

to the championship is bordered by quicksand. A fighter like Patterson is enough to make boxing's gang-gray eminence, Frankie Carbo, lick his chops in anticipation. "No tough guys have a piece of Floyd," says D'Amato fiercely, "and I'll carry a pistol before they do." Neither has D'Amato gone "exclusive" with Jim Norris' IBC. "I'm a free agent. But I can't get fights in the Garden. We don't get on television. We fight out of town."

But Patterson is not without wildly enthusiastic backers. Cus D'Amato is a friend as well as a manager. "Floyd is going to be the heavyweight champion," he says firmly, "and he must be a credit to boxing and himself. I do everything I can to help him get ready for that. Floyd is learning—he went to a lunch with the Mayor of New York a few weeks ago and I was proud of him. I try to make him independent of me. He decides how much work to do now, when he is training, and I ac-

cept his ideas about how to fight, unless I know he is absolutely wrong. Floyd is usually right. He must learn to live his own life." A wealthy operator of Bronx gas stations, Mike DeGregorio, is among Patterson's friends; so is Charles Schwefel, owner of Manhattan's dignified Gramercy Park Hotel.

Schwefel, a hearty, robust, gray-haired man with a lively interest in politics, was instrumental in setting up New York's "600 schools" for backward boys. He was so impressed by Patterson's record at P.S. 614 that he all but adopted him, and has been his self-appointed guardian angel ever since. "I investigated Cus D'Amato up one side and down the other when Floyd started fighting," he says. "After Floyd had his first professional fight I got him down here at the hotel and put three \$100 bills on my desk. That's what he had earned. I said, 'Floyd, that looks like lots of money but it isn't. I want you to go to work here at the hotel in between fights.' He did until he made enough money fighting to live right and help his family." Schwefel now employs Patterson's sparring partners to be sure they can afford to be present when needed; he made sure that the borough presidents of both Brooklyn and Manhattan attended Floyd's 21st birthday party with telecasters, sportswriters and assorted promoters, priests and lesser politicians. "There is going to be another heavyweight champion from New York pretty soon," he says, "if I have anything to do with it."

## "THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY"

To Floyd Patterson, at the moment, the future seems faintly hazy but delightful. He hopes to buy his father and mother a house in the suburbs and to get his younger brothers and sisters out of the slums; he also hopes to make a million dollars and buy a farm. "I want to raise horses," he says. "I'd like to have a farm and animals."

But before him stands the bulky figure of Rocky Marciano. "I've thought of how I would fight him," he says. "He looks sloppy in the ring. But he is a good fighter, a real good fighter. There are lots of ways you could fight him. I could make him miss—but Joe Walcott made him miss for almost 13 rounds. I think there is only one way. They say Marciano is the fighter who can't be hurt. But if you want to beat him you have to fight him and make him back up. I think of Rocky Marciano a lot." He smiled, faintly. "Maybe," he said, "Rocky Marciano thinks of me."

(END)



"Don't close it yet, Edill. Here comes another."



## TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for weekend golfers

from RAY GAFFORD, Ridgely Country Club, Fort Worth

In this age of soft, heavily watered greens, the lofted approach with the nine-iron or wedge has become standard for most golfers, and many automatically play this type of shot even when the situation calls for the old run-up method, the chip and run. Many more golfers should know how to play the chip-and-run short approach than now do, for a golfer can really obtain more control by running the ball up toward the hole than by attempting to drop it in the hole.

The chip-and-run shot is played with any iron from the four through the nine, the club selected depending on the lie of the land. For all clubs, the technique is exactly the same. The club face is square to the line at address, with the hands slightly ahead of the ball. The club strikes the ball a descending blow. There should be only a minimum of wrist action when the player takes the club back, and on the forward part of the stroke there should be no wrist action at all.

The idea, of course, is to pitch the ball a short distance in the air and to let it roll the rest of the way to the hole. The player learns how to gauge the length of the shot by practice and by carefully observing how the ball performs. A good shot is one that is played the right distance.



Ray Gafford advocates using very little wrist action on backswing on chip and run, none whatsoever on the forward part of the stroke

NEXT WEEK: HARRY COOPER ON CHECKING THE HEAD POSITION

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## AVERY BRUNDAGE

*continued from page 43*

me. If your conscience is clear you don't have to worry about what people say about you."

He sat down again, folded his hands and looked out the window.

"This Eleanor Holm thing, for instance. That's usually the first thing people want to know. Why did I throw the girl off the Olympic team?"

He turned halfway around toward the desk, his arms resting on the arms of the chair, his body erect but leaning a little forward, away from the back of the chair. He gestured abruptly with his left hand.

"In the first place, I didn't throw her off the Olympic team. I didn't have the authority to. The Olympic Committee threw her off. There were 29 men on the committee, and they voted unanimously to do it. I was the chairman of the committee, and it was my duty to announce its action, which—let me make this clearly understood—I approved of 100%."

"Well, I announced the committee's decision, and the headlines shouted: 'Brundage throws Eleanor Holm off the Olympic team!'"

He stared out the window at the wintry sky over Chicago, thinking back to that heated summer 20 years earlier.

"Then they said I declared Jesse Owens a professional. Jesse is a fine man. I have the utmost respect for him. His accomplishments in the '36 Games were remarkable. But—" He spun his chair and faced the desk. "Certain tours had been arranged to take place after the Games. Groups of competitors were to travel to different countries and compete in special meets. No one *had* to go, though most, of course, wanted to. Jesse had agreed to go with a group that was to visit Sweden. Well, some smart fellow in New York had a bright idea on how to make a quick bundle of money and he sent Jesse a telegram offering him \$40,000 to turn professional."

"Anyone who's been around track and field for a while knows there simply isn't that much money in professional running. Jesse was advised to wait a bit and think about it. But \$40,000 is a great deal of money, and Jesse was just a young fellow, so he announced that he was going to accept the offer. And he didn't go to Sweden, as he had promised. All right. He was suspended. What did the headlines say? The headlines said: 'Brundage declares Jesse Owens a professional!'"

His face was truculent again and

his voice rose slightly in intensity. "Brundage had nothing to do with it! Jesse Owens declared Jesse Owens a professional. I think it was a shame. He was a great athlete, a gentleman, a fine person. He still is. But where did he end up with that professional contract? Down in Cuba running against a racehorse!"

Brundage all but snorted as he said this, as if the idea of a great runner appearing in such a garish spectacle were almost too much to bear.

"Then the Barbara Ann Scott thing. She won the world figure-skating championship, and the people in Ottawa wanted to give her an automobile. I was in California at the time and I read the story there. I clipped it out and sent it to Europe to a friend of mine, an Olympic official. This was when 'broken time' was a very big issue, and this automobile thing tied in with my arguments about the growing tendency for amateur athletes to receive material gain for athletic success, which is against the rules. Well, He called it to the attention of the Canadian Olympic Committee and they pointed out to Miss Scott that if she accepted the automobile she'd be leaving herself wide open to charges of professionalism—which meant, of course, that she'd be ineligible for the 1948 Winter Olympics. So she returned the automobile. What happened?" Brundage lifted one arm in a gesture of resignation. "Brundage takes car away from Barbara Ann Scott."

He grinned.

### A MATTER OF STATE

"Oh, they gave it to me that time. They even discussed it in the Canadian Parliament. But here!" He sat up straight and tapped his fingers on the desk in front of him. "Barbara Ann Scott went on to win the Olympic title for Canada the next winter. And she and her mother came over to me—there at the Games in St. Moritz—and they thanked me for helping to save her amateur standing."

"Things like that mean a good deal to a man." He jabbed a powerful arm straight out, pointing at the scribbles. "They certainly mean more than those headlines."

The telephone rang, and Brundage, watching the flight of his argument like an archer following the flight of his arrow, ignored it for a moment. Then he sat back, turned in his chair and picked it up.

"Um?" he said.

"I did," he said.

"I did," he said again.

He put the phone down on its cradle and turned back to the desk. As he did, Miss Frances Blakely, a slender, elderly, sweet-faced woman who has been Brundage's secretary and, in effect, executive assistant for more years than she cares to specify, entered the office and put a sheaf of papers on his desk. She said mildly, "You said you wanted to see these before you left tonight."

"Um," Brundage said. He didn't seem happy about the idea.

Miss Blakely paused at the door on her way out.

"Did you make that call?" she asked.

Brundage frowned at the papers.

"I did," he said shortly, without looking up.

Miss Blakely smiled and left.

Brundage studied the papers for a few minutes and then placed them to one side on the desk, which was already piled high with notes and correspondence. He runs his business enterprises from this office, as well as the affairs of the International Olympic Committee, though in recent months, right up to his departure last week for the Winter Games in Italy, his Olympic duties almost certainly took up more of his time than business did.

Brundage is a genuine, original, 14-carat Self-made Millionaire. He graduated from the University of Illinois in 1909 with a degree in civil engineering, started his own construction company a few years later and was amazingly successful, partly because of a nicely timed combination of Brundage zeal and energy with post-World War I building boom. He constructed dozens of important buildings in Chicago and elsewhere. Today, he has interests in various business enterprises, including the Montecito Country Club in Santa Barbara and a number of hotels, including the La Salle. (When Brundage was asked if he owned the La Salle, he replied slowly, "No. A corporation owns it." Then he added cheerfully, "But I own the corporation.")

His three-room office is a jumble of apparently unrelated objects that have as their common denominator his interest in them. There are, throughout the three rooms but particularly in Brundage's own office—on the floor, on tables, on shelves and in cabinets—myriad objects of Oriental art: jades and ancient Chinese bronzes, statues of many-armed Indian gods and goddesses, examples of fine lacquer work, large urns and vases of delicately painted china. Brundage has always been

## THE OLYMPIC PRESIDENT WAS A FAMOUS ATHLETE IN HIS YOUTH



BRUNDAGE PUT GRIM-JAWED EFFORT INTO HALF-MILE WALK, SHOTPUT, EIGHT OTHER EVENTS TO WIN U.S. ALL-AROUND TITLE THREE TIMES

fascinated by Greek and Oriental philosophy and religion, and he extended his interest to Oriental art at about the time of his marriage, in 1927. He is said now to possess one of the finest private collections in the world. Two rooms at the Art Institute of Chicago, of which Brundage is a trustee, contain part of his collection.

### BRUNDAGE THE ATHLETE

There are also Olympic posters throughout the office and books on the Olympic Games, pamphlets and booklets on amateur sports, a color photograph of Emil Zankov leading the field into the home stretch of the 1952 Olympic 5,000-meter run, one of the most memorable races of all time, and medals, plaques, trophies and other souvenirs of his own career in athletics, both as official and competitor. Brundage was a superb athlete in his youth and three times won the U.S. National All-Around championship, a competition that is a sort of older, stronger brother to the more popular decathlon. It comprises 19 separate events, like the decathlon, but the 10 events are run off one after the other on the same day, rather than being sensibly scheduled over two successive days, as in the decathlon. Moreover, the list of events is slightly different and considerably

more demanding; instead of tossing the discus and the javelin, All-Around competitors wrestle with the 36-pound weight and the 16-pound hammer. In place of the 400-meter sprint, the All-Around has the grueling 800-yard heel-and-toe walk. Brundage with bitter pride once described the latter event as "the closest a man can come to experiencing the pangs of childbirth."

Although his forte was his strength and his almost inhuman endurance—he could take the physical punishment of the All-Around then almost as well as he takes the verbal punishment of his critics now—Brundage was also a beautifully coordinated athlete. A scrapbook in his office yielded a striking testament to this in a yellowed clipping in which Daniel J. Ferris, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union, discussed the great athletes of his experience. Ferris grouped Brundage with Martin Sheridan, the hero of the famed Irish-American A.C., and the legendary Jim Thorpe, which is compliment enough, but then added the comment that, all things considered, he had to say that Avery Brundage was the greatest athlete he had ever seen.

When this clipping was pointed out to Brundage, he read it, smiled and said, "Umm. Good for Dan."

Then he beamed and looked through a few more pages of the old book.

"I've forgotten about these scrapbooks. I haven't looked into most of them in years. The only reason they're out now is that we're trying to reorganize things. We've been digging things out of closets and trying to find new places to put them in."

He looked around his office in some distaste.

"This room is a mess," he apologized. "Most of this stuff—" he indicated the urns, vases and statuary on the floor, "belongs to dealers who brought it in to see if I'd be interested in buying any of it. There's a dealer coming in tomorrow, as a matter of fact. I haven't had a chance to examine it all yet. I haven't had the time. I have my business to take care of. I have the Olympics. I'm dictating letters every day to all parts of the world on questions and problems relating to the Olympics. Takes a tremendous amount of time."

He poked up a paper from his desk.

"Here's a letter from Mexico. I sent out a circular letter a short time ago asking the Olympic Committees in the various countries to try to arouse interest among their artists in developing athletic trophies, to see if we could come up with something new and different

*continued on next page*

## AVERY BRUNDAGE

*continued from page 57*

and get away from this junk we have nowadays. Terrible junk, most of it."

He frowned, as if the thought of Bakelite and gilded plastic tasted bad. Then his eyebrows went up.

"Now. This ties in with the fine arts competition in the Olympics. Some people don't realize that, that the fine arts are on the Olympic program. Well, they are: literature, music, architecture, painting, sculpture. We used to have actual competition in those for gold and silver and bronze medals, just as we do in the athletic events. But we found it's almost impossible to limit entries to amateurs in these fields so now we have exhibitions, instead of competitions.

"Some people wonder why fine arts should be in the Olympics. Why shouldn't they be? The Greeks had them. And sport itself is a fine art. Yes, a fine art! That race over there—"

The big arm shot out and the powerful finger pointed across the room at the photograph of the Olympic 5,000-meter run.

"That was fine art if it ever existed. A magnificent thing. And the hammer throw. The hammer throw is an event that approaches artistry. A demanding event but a thoroughly satisfying one. If I had the time I'd still be throwing the hammer. Just for the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it."

He stopped and gestured.

"Now. This is important. We come to the meaning of the word amateur."

He brought his broad hand down flat and heavy on the table.

"If there is one thing that annoys me, it is the misuse of the word amateur as a synonym for beginner, for someone who is not well equipped or fully trained. The word doesn't mean that! Go to etymology. Go back to the origin of the word. What does it mean? It means one who loves, one who has a devotion to. An amateur athlete is one who loves sport."

He poked a finger down on the desk.

"All right. You say, can't a professional athlete love sport? Certainly. I'm sure that Babe Ruth was an amateur at heart. He would have played baseball if he had never made a dime from it. Certainly. He loved the game. I think Henry Ford was an amateur. I think Thomas Edison was an amateur. They loved what they were doing. They were amateurs."

He frowned and said, almost to himself, "Of course, under our rules they'd be considered professionals."

He waved his arm and went on.

"But you take most professional athletes. They keep themselves in excellent shape and they work at their jobs. Why? They have to!"

He paused for dramatic effect.

"Well, now. An amateur doesn't have to, but he does anyway. Why? Why should he punish himself and

make the sacrifices every great athlete has to make? Because he loves to play. He wants to win and he plays to win because it's fun to win, but if he loses he congratulates the winner and tries harder the next time. And even when he loses he's gained something valuable from the experience. But the professional? The professional plays to win because he's got to win! He can't afford to lose. If he loses it hurts his income."

In triumph Brundage lifted both hands high, like a man conducting a symphony.

"And there's the difference! Right there. As soon as you take money for playing a sport, it isn't a sport, it's work. Sport is fun, recreation, a pastime, an amusement. As soon as there is pay connected with it, it's work. It's a job. I suspect that if a professional baseball player discovered one day that he could make more money by going back home and laying bricks for a living, he'd go back home and lay bricks."

"I've got nothing against professional sport. It has a legitimate place in our social and economic structure. It's fun to watch. But I think it's significant that the professionals know that it's good business to keep the amateur spirit in their sports. Oh, I know about the Black Sox scandal and all that. But that's nothing. Bankers abscond occasionally, but that doesn't mean you should abolish banking. No, I have nothing against professional sport. Except that I want it clearly understood for what it is: a business, not a sport."

"That's what has happened to college football. They've ruined a fine sport by turning it into a business. Think of all the schools who have had to drop football because they couldn't afford it. It's a business."

He glared across his desk.

"A wonderful sport, but it's been turned into a chess game played by coaches. If I had my way I'd send all the coaches to Timbuktu on the day of the game. Let the boys play on their own. That's what sport is all about."

Brundage's face was gloomy.

"That is one of the saddest chapters in the history of sport, this misuse of sport for commercial purposes in the United States. The fault lies with the schools, the educators. In the early days educators were brought up in a cloistered, old-fashioned, medieval, semi-religious atmosphere in which physical activity was considered frivolous. Well, when sport caught the imagination of the student, the educators naturally frowned on it. Most of them still do."



"Well, this doesn't seem so difficult."

He spun hack and forth in his chair, restless and angry.

"Robert Hutchins, when he was president of the University of Chicago, said that whenever he felt the urge to exercise he lay down until it went away. Well, there you are. That's an illustration of the contempt for sports felt in certain highbrow circles."

He whipped the chair back to the desk and poked his finger out.

"Now. When sport had become so popular with students that the educators were obliged to accept it, what did they do? They relegated it to a minor role, and left it in the hands of the students and outsiders. And by outsiders I mean people who are not considered educators."

"Well, That was a tragedy, that this potent force wasn't harnessed for education purposes. I say that at certain times in life physical education is as important as—if not more important than—mental education. But. What happens? The athletic department is left to shift for itself. Why? It isn't considered important."

#### BETTER THAN A CLASSROOM

Brundage stabbed the fingers of his right hand into the palm of his left hand to emphasize his argument.

"The educators ignore the social . . . educational . . . aesthetic . . . moral . . . artistic . . . and spiritual aspects of sport. And yet here is an opportunity to develop a man's inner worth, a man's character, that cannot be equaled in any classroom."

Abruptly he sat back, spun the chair and looked out at the darkening sky over Chicago. When he spoke again, it was in a quiet voice.

"I think," he said, looking out the window, "that every educational institution should give a course in amateurism along with its athletic program. Teach the principles of fair play and sportsmanship. Show how they can be applied in business, in politics, in government, in everyday living."

He turned his gaze from the window and looked across the room to the Olympic poster on the far wall.

"Think," he said, almost in wonder, "of the beneficial effect it could have on the world."

END

#### NEXT WEEK: PART II THE GREEKS AND THE REDS

Avrey Brundage talks about the Olympic Games and the ideals behind them and gives his views on the Soviet's "subsidized" athletes.

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## COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

### January 27 through February 5

#### FRIDAY, JANUARY 27

##### Auto Racing

SCCA frostbite race, Concord, N.H. (also Jan. 28)  
Winter Express rally, Denver.

##### Baseball

Boston vs. Fort Wayne & Rochester vs. New York, Boston.

##### Boxing

● Willie Pastrano vs. Chuck Speiser, heavyweights, Miami Beach, Fla. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

##### Golf

PGA Seniors' championship, Quindici, Fla. (through Jan. 29)

##### Hockey

Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.

##### Ice Skating

Middle Atlantic championships (figure), New York (through Jan. 29).

##### Tennis

World Tennis Tour, White Plains, N.Y. (also Jan. 28)

##### Winter Olympics

Two-man bobsledding (heats 1, 2), 30-km. cross-country skiing (men), giant slalom (women), hockey (U.S., Czechoslovakia, Canada-Austria, Germany-Italy, Russia-Sweden), Cortina, Italy.

#### SATURDAY, JANUARY 28

##### Baseball

● Minnesota vs. Northwestern, Minneapolis, 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS). Men to watch: Minnesota's Jerry Gummeyer (24) & Northwestern's Dick Haid (24).  
California vs. San Francisco, Berkeley, Calif.  
Dayton vs. Louisville, Dayton, Ohio  
De Paul vs. Illinois, Chicago  
Navy vs. Temple, Annapolis, Md.  
N. Carolina SL vs. St. John's, Raleigh, N.C.  
Vanderbilt vs. Kentucky, Nashville, Tenn. (Professionals)

##### Boxing

● St. Louis vs. Syracuse, St. Louis, 2 p.m. C.S.T. (NBC\*)

New York vs. Fort Wayne, New York  
Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester  
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis

##### Boat Show

Kansas City boat show, Kansas City, Mo.

##### Hockey

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal  
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

##### Horse Racing

Santa Anita Maternity, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr.-olds & San Marcos Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m. (turf), 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Park, Arcadia, Calif.  
Royal Palm Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Park, Hialeah, Fla.

##### Ice Skating

Natl. outdoor championships (figure), St. Paul, Minn. (through Feb. 4).

##### Swimming

Lipton Cup race, Miami.

##### Tennis & Field

Boston AA meet, Boston Garden.

##### Winter Olympics

Two-man bobsledding (heats), 10 km. cross-country skiing (women), 500-meter speed skating, hockey (U.S., Poland, Sweden-Switzerland, Canada-Italy), Cortina, Italy.

#### SUNDAY, JANUARY 29

##### Baseball

Boston vs. Rochester, Boston  
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse  
Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Minneapolis vs. St. Louis, Minneapolis

##### Curling

Int. Brierpool, Quebec (through Feb. 4).

##### Horse Racing

Prix d'Amérique spot, \$34,280, 2,600 meters, Parc de Vincennes, Paris.

##### Hockey

Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit  
Boston vs. Toronto, Boston  
Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.

##### Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Kingston, N.Y.

##### Winter Olympics

Figure skating (school figures, men), giant slalom (men), 5,000-meter speed skating, Nordic combined ski jumping, hockey (Austria-Germany, Czechoslovakia-Poland, Russia-Switzerland, Germany-Italy).

#### MONDAY, JANUARY 30

##### Baseball

Georgia Tech. vs. Kentucky, Atlanta  
Oklahoma City vs. Texas A&M, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Minnesota vs. Illinois, Minneapolis.

##### Boxing

● Carmen Fiste vs. Gene Pointer, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (DuMont)

##### Winter Olympics

Figure skating (school figures, women), 15-km. cross-country skiing, slalom (women), 1,500-m. speed skating, hockey (knits begin), Cortina, Italy.

#### TUESDAY, JANUARY 31

##### Baseball

North Carolina SL vs. Virginia, Raleigh, N.C.  
San Francisco vs. San Jose SL, San Francisco (Professionals)  
New York vs. Philadelphia, New York  
St. Louis vs. Boston & Minneapolis vs. Rochester, St. Louis.

##### Swimming

Miami-In-Nassau ocean race.

##### Winter Olympics

Figure skating (school figures, women), 15-km. Nordic combined cross-country skiing (men), 10,000-m. speed skating, slalom (men), hockey, Cortina, Italy.

#### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1

##### Baseball

Dayton vs. Loyola (Chi.), Dayton, Ohio  
Holy Cross vs. Congdon, Worcester, Mass.  
Kentucky vs. Duke, Lexington, Ky.  
Loyola (N.D.) vs. Oklahoma City, New Orleans  
Memphis SL vs. Murray SL, Memphis, Tenn.  
Middleburg vs. Temple, Allentown, Pa. (Professionals)

##### Boxing

Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester

St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne & Minneapolis vs. Boston, Minneapolis

Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia

##### Swimming

● Crisio Andrade vs. Jesse Cader, lightweight, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 9 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC)

##### Hockey

New York vs. Toronto, New York.

##### Horse Racing

San Carlos Handicap, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Park, Arcadia, Calif.  
Bahamas Stakes, \$70,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Hialeah Park, Hialeah, Fla.

##### Winter Olympics

Curling (women), 15-km. cross-country skiing relay (women), figure skating (free figures, men), hockey, Cortina, Italy.

#### THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2

##### Baseball

Louisville vs. Toledo, Louisville, Ky. (Professionals)  
St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne & Minneapolis vs. Boston, St. Louis  
Syracuse vs. Rochester & Philadelphia vs. New York, Syracuse

##### Golf

Phoenix Open Invitational, \$15,000, Phoenix, Ariz. (through Feb. 5).

##### Hockey

Boston vs. Chicago, Boston

Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit

##### Winter Olympics

50-km. cross-country skiing (men), figure skating (free figures, women), hockey, Cortina, Italy.

#### FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3

##### Baseball

San Francisco vs. Loyola (Calif.), San Francisco (Professionals)

Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia

##### Boat Show

Natl. Boat Show, Chicago (through Feb. 12).

##### Boxing

● Tammy (Hurricane) Jackson vs. Bob Baker, heavyweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

##### Golf

Havana Baltimore Practice Invitational (women), Havana (through Feb. 5).

##### Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Montreal.

##### Winter Carnival

Quintinbush Winter Carnival (also Feb. 4).

##### Winter Olympics

Four-man bobsledding (heats 1, 2) downhill skiing (men), figure skating (pairs), hockey, Cortina, Italy.

#### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4

##### Baseball

● Ohio State vs. Indiana, Columbus, Ohio, 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS). Men to watch: State's Ruben Freeman (24) & Indiana's Wally Choice (44).  
Auburn vs. Kentucky, Montgomery, Ala.  
Duke vs. N. Carolina, Durham, N.C.  
Georgia vs. Vanderbilt, Athens, Ga.  
Louisville vs. Ky. Wesleyan, Owensboro, Ky.  
Loyola (N.D.) vs. Dayton, New Orleans  
N.C. State vs. Clemson, Raleigh, N.C. (Professionals)

##### Boxing

New York vs. Syracuse, New York  
● Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester, 3 p.m. (NBC\*)  
Fort Wayne vs. St. Louis, Elkhart, Ind.

##### Boat Show

Long Island Boat & Sportsman Show, Jamaica, N.Y. (through Feb. 12).  
New England Sportsman & Boat Show, Boston (through Feb. 12)

##### Swimming

Petersen Classic starts, Chicago.

##### Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal

Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto

Boston vs. New York, Boston

##### Horse Racing

San Vicente Handicap, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds & Santa Margarita Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Rm. Santa Anita Park, Arcadia, Calif.

##### Boxing

● McInnes Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Park, Hialeah, Fla. 5 p.m. (NBC)

##### Swimming

Nassau Cup race, Nassau.

##### Skating

N. American outdoor championships (speed), West Allis, Wis. (also Feb. 5).

##### Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Lake Placid, N.Y.

##### Tennis & Field

Millrose Games, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

##### Winter Olympics

Four-man bobsledding (heats), 40-km. cross-country skiing relay (men), hockey, Cortina, Italy.

#### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5

##### Baseball

Boston vs. New York, Boston  
Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse  
St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis  
Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis

##### Hockey

New York vs. Montreal, New York

Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston

##### Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Rochester, N.Y.

##### Winter Olympics

Special ski jumping, closing ceremony, Cortina, Italy.

\*See local listing.

## BASKETBALL AND COUSY

Sirs:

My congratulations to SI and to your Herbert Warren Wind for his superb series on Bob Cousy. Mr. Wind's golf coverage, particularly his lengthy account of the Masters tournament last spring, was the best I have ever read anywhere. I was pleasantly surprised to find him a basketball expert, too, writing with as much knowledge and insight on basketball as he does on golf. His job on Cousy, indeed, was also a history of the evolution of basketball, and I thought was written with unusual care. As to Cousy, he is to basketball what Babe Ruth, Feller, DiMaggio and Williams have been to baseball. Surprisingly, too many sportswriters still regard basketball as a minor sport, and Cousy is not nearly as well known (particularly here in the Midwest and in Chicago where we are without a professional team) as he deserves to be.

JERRY HOLTZMAN

Chicago

● Although Herb Wind is best known for his golf reporting, he has been writing on sports in general for the past 20-odd years. Herb grew up in Brockton, Massachusetts, a basketball hotbed where high school teams are famous for their records and backyard courts as ubiquitous as in Indiana. He was a member of the '35 and '36 Yale teams and has played the game in such unlikely places as South America and China.—ED.

## WONDERFUL MAN

Sirs:

I have just finished your article on Bob Cousy and must say this story is exceptional even for your high standards. I had never realized what a wonderful man Bob is, on and off the court.

I think SI is growing better every issue.

ROBERT BOGARD

Omaha

## WHERE WAS THE 25TH?

Sirs:

I have just finished the second of your articles on the number two basketball player in the game today.

There are 28 great names mentioned, including the "Original Celtics," but I have yet to run across the name of the greatest of them all, Tom Gola.

I hope that Mr. Wind realizes that in five seasons the Celtics have had mediocre seasons led by Bob Cousy, and in just one half of a season Tom Gola is leading his team to a championship.

BILL HIGGINS

Philadelphia

● It was not SI's intention to mention in the Cousy articles every player, coach and official who has contributed to the growth and development of basketball. Many more, of course, would necessarily be included in any truly comprehensive study; to name just one: Frank Keany, the coach of Rhode Island State and the chief of fire-engine basketball. SI may even have failed to elaborate on the contributions of some mentioned in the articles. For instance, the imaginative style of basketball played by Cousy and his teammates at Holy Cross was testimony to Coach Doggie Julian's ability to recognize that his talented squad would be far better off if not chained to restricting formal patterns. Julian, to be sure, is a progressive coach and deserves considerable credit for recognizing Cousy's great instinctive abilities and aiding their development.—ED.

## A PROPOSAL AND A THOUGHT

Sirs:

Here is a rather unorthodox suggestion for overcoming the excess height problem in basketball. How about placing a restriction on the total number of inches of players any team could have in a game at one time.

Thus, if it were agreed upon that the average height of players should not exceed 6 feet 3 inches (75 inches), then a team would be permitted five times this figure, or 375 total inches of players at one time. Then if a team such as Kansas with Wilt Chamberlain (7 feet 2 inches) wished to play its giant, it would have to limit the height of the other players in the game to allow for the larger man. In Chamberlain's case, he being 86 inches tall, his teammates would be left with 289 inches to divide among themselves (an average of a little over 6 feet per man). This would actually not be difficult to administer. I might add that it is just as unfair to ask a 6-foot 3-inch man to contend with a seven-footer as it is to ask a lightweight to box a heavyweight.

In Jan. 16 1970 HOLE, Allison Cook, of Tallahassee, Florida, decries SI's integration of sociology with sports. It would seem to me that the two are interwoven in essence. Is not the intermingling of the French and English speaking people at the Montreal Forum on Saturday nights just as much a part of the glamour of Les Canadiens as is the play of Richard C. Co.? Can the same not be said about the spectacle of seeing an entire town turning out to watch the local high school team do battle? Wouldn't Montreal hockey and high school basketball be much less appealing to real sporting fans if the sociology were not there to go along with the sport?

GERRY BRANDMEYER

Champaign, Ill.

● We agree on the latter point about sociology, but the 375 inches to a side in basketball is something else again. When we half close our eyes we see a team with four men one foot tall, led by a captain over 27 feet tall in his stocking feet.—ED.

## HOBEB BAKER

Sirs:

In your article on Hobey Baker (YESTERDAY, Jan. 16) you state that the St. Nick's

## MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© AJAY





Payne of Dakota Wesleyan to be a world's record. I believe that the world's record is held by James T. Haxall of Princeton, who booted a 65-yarder in 1882.

PETE MUNCIE

Gambier, Ohio

● Mr. Muncie and 12 other historians of the game who set SI straight are correct.—ED.

#### FEET ACROSS THE SEA

Sirs:

So far as I know, the world record drop kick, although it was made in an English rugby football game, belongs to Dr. Leonard Stokes (Oxford, Guy's Hospital, England), who drop-kicked a goal from the 60-yard mark playing rugby for England in an official international Match in the early 1880s.

I. W. BOARDMAN MELLIGAN  
Palm Beach, Fla.

#### MORE DROP KICKERS

Sirs:

Absent the last art of drop kicking, George (Brent) O'Donnell, playing for Billings, Montana High School in 1918 and 1919, drop-kicked 95 points after touchdowns without a miss, and was deadly from any angle and distance up to 40 yards.

P. N. HOLMES

Washington, Minn.

#### DISPLACED PERSONS

Sirs:

I got a kick out of the picture of the Adams family (WOMANART, WOKO, Jan. 9) showing them, not in Quincy, Massachusetts, but of all places, in Los Angeles. They got so far from Massachusetts as they could in the continental U.S.

They are apparently not too unlike most American families who have no particular love for their birthplace and would just as leave be in Timbuctoo if there was a dollar in it as anywhere else.

ALEXANDER GATES  
Medford, Mass.

● Mr. Gates is confusing his Adamases. The Quincy, Massachusetts Adamases are the Charles Francis Adams family, direct descendants of the sixth President of the U.S. through his son Charles Francis. Until his death in 1954, Charles Francis Adams, head of the far-flung Adams clan, Secretary of the Navy under Hoover and first citizen of New England, lived in dingy and unfashionable Quincy, the home of his ancestors, often walking the 12 miles to his Boston office. One of the world's great yachtsmen, Charles Francis Adams skipped the Resolute in the successful 1920 defense of the American's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV*. The ancestors of the J. Q. Adams pictured by SI in his trophy-decorated den have not lived in Massachusetts for three generations. Mr. Adams' father, Nelson C. Adams, was born in Wayne, Illinois; his grandfather lived in St. John, Kansas; his great-grandfather died in Wayne, and his great-great-grandfather was Steven Adams, another son of President John Quincy Adams.—ED.

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## **PAT ON THE BACK**

### **RENVILLE McMANN**

The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association has chosen Renville McMann, a Westinghouse sales executive, its new president. McMann, active in tennis as an official and player for more than 30 years, set three goals: to make tennis part of the physical fitness program advocated by President Eisenhower, bring the Davis Cup back to the U.S. and organize the 75th anniversary celebration of the USLTA this year.

### **TOM JACOBS**

As the new executive secretary of the National Ski Association, Tom Jacobs, 29-year-old coach of the University of Colorado ski team and 1952 Olympic cross country competitor, plans to develop future champions through a nationwide system of junior ski schools. Canadian born, and four years a star on the Middlebury College team, Jacobs was a leader in the integration of skiing into the NCAA.



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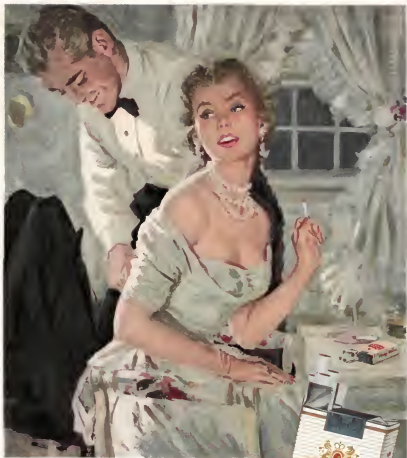
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